THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS.

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No. 2352.—VOL. LXXXIV. SATURDAY, MAY 17, 1884. WITH TWO SUPPLEMENTS SIXPENCE. BY POST, 6½D.

STATUE OF THE LATE LORD F. CAVENDISH, M.P., BY A. B. JOY, IN ROYAL ACADEMY EXHIBITION.

THE LATE MR. J. P. BENJAMIN, Q.C.

STATUE OF WILLIAM TYNDALE, BY J. E. BOEHM, R.A., THAMES EMBANKMENT GARDENS.

THE LATE DR. GOODFORD, PROVOST OF ETON.

MONUMENT OF THE LATE DEAN STANLEY, IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

MARRIAGE.

On the 29th ult., at Christ Church, Lancaster-gate, by the Rev. Walter Scott Dumergue, Vicar of Fareham, uncle of the bride, assisted by the Rev. Rowland Hill, of St. Stephen's Church, Bournemouth, Edwin Frederick Hill, elder surviving son of the late Sir James Hill, Chief Charity Commissioner, to Florence Agnes, elder daughter of Major John Andover Wood, 11, Prince's-square, W.

DEATHS.

At La Esperanza, Valparaiso, Alice, the dearly-beloved wife of Adolphus F. Walbaum, aged 30.

On the 10th inst., at his residence, Albert-terrace, Regent's Park, William Job Collins, M.D., in his 67th year.

On the 7th inst., after great suffering, William Holme Twentyman, J.P., D.L., of Ravensworth, St. John's-wood Park, in the 82nd year of his age.

On the 13th inst., at his residence, 21, Blenheim-road, St. John's-wood, in his 85th year, Norman Turner M'Leod, late of the firm of Lachlans and M'Leod, Cornhill, and for sixty-two years a member of the Hon. Artillery Company of London, most truly mourned by his wife and deeply regretted by his friends. In fond remembrance.

**** The charge for the insertion of Births, Marriages, and Deaths, is Five Shillings for each announcement.*

CALENDAR FOR THE WEEK ENDING MAY 24.

SUNDAY, MAY 18.

Fifth Sunday after Easter.
Morning Lessons: Deut. vi.; John vi. 1–22. Evening Lessons: Deut. ix. or x.; 2 Tim. i.
St. Paul's Cathedral, 10.30 a.m., 3.15 p.m., Rev. Canon H. Scott Holland; 7 p.m., Rev. C. Woodhouse.
Whitehall, 11 a.m., Rev. W. W. Merry; 3 p.m., Rev. G. H. Curteis (Boyle Lecture III.).
Westminster Abbey, 10 a.m., the Dean, Dr. Bradley (to Volunteers); 3 p.m., Rev. J. Llewellyn-Davies; 7 p.m., Hon. and Rev. E. V. R. Powys.
St. James's, noon, probably Rev. Canon F. C. Cook.
Savoy, 11.30 a.m., Rev. Henry White, the Chaplain; 7 p.m., Rev. W. K. R. Bedford.
Moon's last quarter, 4.54 a.m.

MONDAY, MAY 19.

Asiatic Society, anniversary, 4 p.m.; dinner, St. James's Hall, 7 p.m.
Gresham Lectures, 6 p.m., Dr. Wylde on Music, and on the 20th, 21st, and 23rd.
British Architects' Institute, 8 p.m.
Surveyors' Institution, 8 p.m.
Society of Arts, Cantor Lecture, 8 p.m., Professor W. N. Hartley on Fermentation and Distillation.

TUESDAY, MAY 20.

Royal Institution, 3 p.m. (Professor Gamgee on the Physiology of Nerve and Muscle).
City of London Society of Artists' and Guildhall Academy Exhibition opens, 3 p.m.
Civil Engineers' Institution, 8 p.m.
Statistical Society, 7.45 p.m., Mr. C. Walford on Canada.
Zoological Society, 8.30 p.m.
Peace Society, anniversary, 6.30 p.m.
Royal Caledonian Asylum, anniversary festival, Freemasons' Tavern—the Duke of Richmond in the chair.
Bath and York Races.

WEDNESDAY, MAY 21.

Botanic Society, summer exhibition, 2.
Quincentenary Commemoration of the death of John Wyclif: meetings at the Mansion House, 2 p.m.; Exeter Hall, 7 p.m.
Literary Fund, anniversary, Willis's Rooms.
Bankers' Institute, anniversary, 6.
British Archæological Association, 8.
Pharmaceutical Society, anniversary, 11 a.m., conversazione at South Kensington, 8 p.m.
Licensed Victuallers' Asylum, dinner at Crystal Palace.
Society of Arts, 8 p.m., Lieutenant-Colonel Webber on Telegraph Tariffs.

THURSDAY, MAY 22.

Ascension Day.
Royal Institution, 3 p.m., Professor Dewar on Flame and Oxidation.
Royal Society, 4.30 p.m.
Society of Antiquaries, 8.30 p.m.
Telegraph Engineers' Society, 8 p.m.
Society of Arts, 8 p.m., Mr. E. C. Stanford on the Economic Applications of Sea-weeds.
Doncaster and Salisbury Races.

FRIDAY, MAY 23.

Royal Institution, 8 p.m.; Mr. David Gill on the Distances of the Fixed Stars, &c., 9 p.m.
Botanic Society, lecture, 4 p.m.
Architectural Association, 6.30 p.m., Mr. E. J. Tarver on the History of Architecture.
Quekett Microscopical Club, 8 p.m.
United Service Institution, 3 p.m., Captain Lord Charles Beresford on Machine Guns in the Field.
Royal Academy of Music, students' concert, St. James's Hall, 2.30 p.m.
Harpenden Races.

SATURDAY, MAY 24.

Queen Victoria born, 1819.
New moon, 10.37 p.m.
Royal Institution, 3 p.m., Professor Bonney on Microscopical Geology.
Physical Society, 3 p.m.
Botanic Society, 3.45 p.m.
Linnean Society, anniversary, 3 p.m.
Artists' Benevolent Institution, anniversary dinner, Willis's Rooms, 6.
Windsor Races.

THE WEATHER.

RESULTS OF METEOROLOGICAL OBSERVATIONS AT THE KEW OBSERVATORY OF THE ROYAL SOCIETY.
Lat. 51° 28' 6" N.; Long. 0° 18' 47" W.; Height above Sea, 34 feet.

Day.		Daily Means of: Barometer Corrected.	Temperature of the Air.	Dew Point.	Relative Humidity.	Amount of Cloud.	Thermom.: Maximum, read at 10 P.M.	Minimum, read at 10 P.M.	Wind: General Direction.	Movement in 24 hours.	Rain in 24 hours, read at 10 A.M. next morning.
		Inches.	°	°	°	0-10	°	°		Miles.	In.
May	4	29·874	48·0	39·4	·75	6	54·8	41·1	W.	448	0·080*
	5	29·512	44·0	37·9	·81	7	55·9	39·0	W. SW. NW.	228	0·240*
	6	29·924	47·3	35·4	·66	5	58·1	37·4	NW. N.	149	0·020
	7	30·083	48·5	40·9	·77	9	56·1	37·0	S. W. SW.	320	0·000
	8	30·072	53·0	47·4	·83	8	59·1	46·6	SW.	451	0·000
	9	30·185	55·2	45·6	·72	6	64·7	48·0	SW.	345	0·000
	10	30·171	57·6	44·4	·64	1	72·0	44·6	SW.	152	0·000

* Rain and hail.

The following are the readings of the meteorological instruments for the above days, in order, at ten o'clock a.m.:—

Barometer (in inches) corrected ..	29·290	29·452	29·744	30·069	30·029	30·177	30·224
Temperature of Air	51·6°	51·2°	50·2°	52·6°	57·0°	[illegible]	[illegible]
Temperature of Evaporation ..	46·6°	43·6°	47·3°	47·5°	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
Direction of Wind	WSW.	W.	SW.	W.	WSW.	SW.	WSW.

BRIGHTON.—Frequent Trains from Victoria and London Bridge.
Also Trains in connection from Kensington and Liverpool-street.
Return Tickets, London to Brighton, available for eight days. Weekly, Fortnightly, and Monthly Tickets at cheap rates, available to travel by all Trains between London and Brighton.
Cheap First-class Day Tickets to Brighton every Weekday, from Victoria, 10.0 a.m. Fare, 12s. 6d., including Pullman Car.
Cheap Half-Guinea First-class Day Tickets to Brighton every Saturday, from Victoria and London Bridge, admitting to the Grand Aquarium and Royal Pavilion.
Cheap First-class Day Tickets to Brighton every Sunday, from Victoria at 10.45 a.m. and 12.15 p.m. Fare, 10s.
Pullman Drawing-Room Cars between Victoria and Brighton.
Through bookings to Brighton from principal Stations on the Railways in the Northern and Midland Districts.

PARIS.—SHORTEST, CHEAPEST ROUTE.—Viâ NEWHAVEN, DIEPPE, and ROUEN.
Weekday Tidal Special Express Service (1st and 2nd Class). Night Service Weekdays and Sundays (1st, 2nd, and 3rd Class). From Victoria, 7.50 p.m., and London Bridge, 8.0 p.m.
Fares—Single, 33s., 24s., 17s.; Return, 55s., 39s., 30s.
The Normandy and Brittany, Splendid Fast Paddle Steamers, accomplish the Passage between Newhaven and Dieppe frequently in about 3½ hours.
A Through Conductor will accompany the Passengers by the Special Day Service throughout to Paris, and vice versâ.
Trains run alongside steamers at Newhaven and Dieppe.

TICKETS and every information at the Brighton Company's West-End General Offices, 28, Regent-circus, Piccadilly, and 8, Grand Hotel Buildings, Trafalgar-square; City Office, Hay's Agency, Cornhill; Cook's, Ludgate-circus; also at the Victoria and London Bridge Stations.
(By order) J. P. KNIGHT, General Manager.

ST. JAMES'S HALL, PICCADILLY, Monday, May 19,
THOROUGH CHANGE OF PROGRAMME AT THE
MOORE and BURGESS MINSTRELS.
NEW AND BEAUTIFUL SONGS, NEW AND ACCOMPLISHED SINGERS, NEW AND SCREAMING BURLESQUE SKETCH.
Rendering the present entertainment the most brilliant and attractive in London.
Great success of
Mr. EDGAR WILTON (the new Baritone), and of
Mr. DORNAN (Basso profundo).
EVERY NIGHT at EIGHT; MONDAY, WEDNESDAY, and SATURDAY, at THREE and EIGHT.
No fees of any kind.
Omnibuses run direct to St. James's Hall from the International Health Exhibition.

MR. and Mrs. GERMAN REED'S ENTERTAINMENT. Managers, Messrs. Alfred Reed and Corney Grain.—FAIRLY PUZZLED. A New First Part, written by Oliver Brand. Music by Hamilton Clarke; after which an entirely New Musical sketch by Mr. Corney Grain, entitled A LITTLE DINNER. Concluding with A DOUBLE EVENT, written by Arthur Law and Alfred Reed; Music by Corney Grain.—MORNING PERFORMANCES every Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday at Three; EVENINGS, Monday, Wednesday, and Friday, at Eight. Admission, 1s. and 2s.; stalls, 3s. and 5s. Booking Office open Ten to Six. No charge for Booking. ST. GEORGE'S HALL, Langham-place.

MASKELYNE and COOKE'S ENTERTAINMENT, EGYPTIAN HALL. Every Afternoon at Three, but only Three Evenings in each Week—viz., Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday, at Eight. PSYCHO'S NEW MYSTERIES have taken London by storm, and the elegant Fire-proof Hall is filled at every performance. Stalls, 5s.; Reserved Seats, 3s.; Area, 2s.; Gallery, 1s.

ROYAL INSTITUTE OF PAINTERS IN WATER COLOURS, PICCADILLY, W.

THE SIXTY-SIXTH ANNUAL EXHIBITION NOW OPEN, from Nine a.m. to Six p.m.

ADMISSION, 1s. Illustrated Catalogue, 1s. Season Tickets, 5s. ALFRED EVERILL, Sec. (pro tem.)

THE VALE OF TEARS.—DORÉ'S Last Great PICTURE, completed a few days before he died, NOW on VIEW at the DORÉ GALLERY, 35, New Bond-street, with his other great pictures. Ten to Six Daily. 1s.

ANNO DOMINI, by EDWIN LONG, R.A.—This great Work is now ON VIEW, together with Commendatore CISERI'S Picture of CHRIST BORNE TO THE TOMB, and other important works, at the GALLERIES, 168, New Bond-street. Ten to Six. Admission, 1s.

ROYAL SOCIETY OF PAINTERS IN WATER COLOURS. The One Hundredth and First Exhibition is NOW OPEN, 5, PALL MALL EAST, from Ten till Six. Admission, 1s. Illustrated Catalogue, 1s.
ALFRED D. FRIPP, Secretary.

MAX PAUER has the honour to announce that he will give TWO PERFORMANCES of CLAVECIN and PIANOFORTE MUSIC on THURSDAYS, MAY 22 and 29, at Three p.m., in PRINCE'S HALL, PICCADILLY. Sofa Stalls, 7s. 6d.; Reserved Seats, 3s.; Balcony, 3s.; Admission, 1s. For both performances—Sofa Stalls, 12s. 6d.; Reserved Seats, 7s. 6d.; Balcony, 5s. At the principal Ticket Agents and the Hall.

COURT THEATRE, Sloane-square.—Special and only MORNING PERFORMANCE of DEVOTION and MY MILLINER'S BILL, SATURDAY, MAY 24, at Two o'clock. Miss Ada Cavendish, Miss Venne, and Mrs. John Wood; Mr. John Clayton, Mr. H. B. Conway, and Mr. Arthur Cecil. Doors open at 1.30. Box-Office hours, Eleven to Five. No Fees.

CRITERION THEATRE.—Lessee and Manager, Mr. CHARLES WYNDHAM. On MONDAY, MAY 19, and following Evenings, at Nine o'Clock, FOURTEEN DAYS, with Mr. Charles Wyndham as Mr. Peregrine Porter, supported by Messrs. W. Blakeley, Geo. Giddens, H. H. Astley, W. Draycott, W. Barron, H. Saker; Mesdames Kate Rorke, R. Norreys, E. Vining. Preceded by, at Eight, NAVAL ENGAGEMENTS. Box-Office open from Ten a.m. till Eleven p.m.

HORSE SHOW, AGRICULTURAL HALL, ISLINGTON. ENTRIES CLOSE MAY 19. SHOW OPEN MAY 31, JUNE 2, 3, 4, 5, and 6. Prize Lists and Forms of Entry may be obtained on application to
R. VENNER, Secretary, Agricultural Hall Company, Limited.
Offices: Barford-street, Liverpool-road, Islington.

THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS.

LONDON: SATURDAY, MAY 17, 1884.

The Queen is reported to have come back from Darmstadt with revived spirits, and it is gratifying to know that the wedding festivities, shared in by her Majesty under a strong sense of duty, have had so beneficial an influence on her health. Coincident with her return to Windsor, accompanied by the Grand Duke of Hesse and members of his family, the letters of the late Grand Duchess to the Queen have been published in an English dress, together with an illustrative biographical sketch by her sister, Princess Christian. The issue of this memorial volume is rather a public than a literary event. Although more than six years have elapsed since the death of Princess Alice, the remembrance of her beautiful life of self-sacrifice and devotion to the welfare of others is cherished with affectionate veneration by Germans and Englishmen alike. Together with the two series of "Leaves from the Highlands," these touching letters are a revelation such as the world has never seen of the domestic life—the joys and sympathies, trials and sorrows—of a Royal family. The loyalty of the British people is no merely traditional sentiment, but lies deep in that community of feeling which springs from mutual knowledge and confidence. Some time hence—may it be far distant!—we may become more intimately acquainted with the public and external life of Queen Victoria as the head of the State and the Sovereign Ruler of a great Empire. The moral advantage of seeing her Majesty during her life-time in her domestic relations, upholding, as a wife and a mother, the dignity and purity of family life, and giving expression to the sensitive affections of a sympathetic heart, is inestimable.

The sudden and lamented death of Prince Leopold preceded by a few weeks the marriage of the daughter of Princess Alice, at which it was fondly hoped he would have been present. It is the subject of a few pathetic sentences from the pen of Princess Christian at the close of the Preface to her sister's "Letters," which we may be pardoned for transcribing here:—"I had written these words," says her Royal Highness, "when another beloved member of our family, whose name often recurs in my sister's letters, was suddenly taken from us and from our country. Writing of my dear brother to my mother (Feb. 1, 1868), she said: 'May God spare that young, bright, and gifted life to be a comfort to you for many a year to come.' That life, which then hung trembling in the balance, was mercifully spared, not, indeed, for many a year, but long enough to make my brother more beloved by his family and friends, and to enable him to give to his country some token of the good gifts with which he was endowed. As he was the last of us to see my dear sister in life, so he has been the first to follow her into the Silent Land." The bereavements of life often have mitigating circumstances; or, to use an expression in one of the Letters of Princess Alice, "The hour of trial and grief may bring its blessings with it." We devoutly trust that the sterling virtues of the departed sister and brother may live anew in the children who survive them.

The past week has witnessed a rare succession of political surprises. Ten days ago there was a schism in the Conservative party which seemed to threaten a complete break up, and was all the more serious as a formal challenge had just been thrown down to the other side. Then came the transformation-scene. "Brutus and Cassius," after their bitter quarrel, were suddenly reconciled, the Carlton was the scene of an effusive family gathering, and Sir M. Hicks-Beach headed a united party on Monday night when he launched his vote of censure at her Majesty's Ministers for neglecting to take adequate measures for the rescue of General Gordon. When those measures ought to have been taken—indeed could have been taken—was not indicated, for as recently as February that devoted officer was crossing the desert of Korosko on a swift dromedary which, as was picturesquely said, carried the fortunes of her Majesty's Ministers. Although there is no reason to believe that the General is in imminent peril, and although Mr. Gladstone, in his impassioned speech, pledged the Government to take what measures were possible for securing his personal safety, his assurances failed to satisfy such conspicuous members of the Liberal party as Mr. Forster, Mr. Goschen, and Mr. Laing. The division, early on Wednesday morning, which gave Ministers the small majority of twenty-eight, was remarkable for another dramatic scene. The followers of Mr. Parnell, about thirty in all, remained seated while their fellow-members were streaming into the division lobbies, and then marched in a body at the tail of the Opposition. If the Government have lost prestige by the debate and division, it cannot be said that their opponents have gained it; but it must be admitted that the Parnellites know how to make the most of their strength.

Prince Bismarck and his Imperial master—for they see eye to eye in political matters—have secured a triumph in the Reichstag which has dissipated the indisposition of the one, and may help to renew the impaired health of the other. The determined Chancellor set himself last week to break up the coalition of German Liberals and Clericals which threatened to defeat his bill for renewing the law against Socialists. Appearing in the Tribune on Friday, he held out the threat of a dissolution, and plainly announced his policy of State Socialism, which is only one remove from the programme of the Democratic Socialists. "Give the workman bread (he said)—that is to say, work—so long as he is in good health; give him support when ill; provide for him in old age; and then we shall want no exceptional laws." Imagine Mr. Gladstone or Lord Salisbury formulating such an economical creed! Curiously enough, when it came to the test, the Roman Catholic party and the Liberals split asunder, and instead of a defeat Prince Bismarck found himself in a majority of 32 (189 to 157), which will probably suffice to carry not only his Coercion Bill, but also his State Insurance measure. If there be any truth in political economy, his difficulties will then commence. But it may be better to meet the threat of agrarian revolution with a compromise, which postpones the evil day, than to follow the Russian plan of dealing with Nihilism by naked repression.

Another foremost Continental statesman has also achieved a marked success. M. Ferry has unexpectedly surmounted his Chinese difficulties by concluding a treaty of peace with the Court of Pekin. While European papers were drawing dismal omens from the ascendency of Prince Chun and the military party, Captain Fournier was engaged at Tien-Tsin in negotiations with Li-Hung Chang—a statesman said to be in utter disgrace—the result of which has been the recognition by China of the French protectorate over Annam and Tonquin, and a treaty of commerce on conditions highly favourable to French but not to English trade. In view of these concessions, our neighbours wisely withdraw all claim to an indemnity, and will now have the opportunity of monopolising the commercial traffic with Tonquin, Yunnan, and the neighbouring provinces. This will enable the French Cabinet to meet the Chamber of Deputies next Tuesday with a light heart, and present their heavy war estimates with a prospect of carrying them. Part of the large army that now occupies Tonquin will be withdrawn, and ere long we may hear that a considerable infantry force has been sent from Tonquin to Madagascar to take possession of the north-west coast, which the Hovas lately refused to surrender.

The month of May, which attracts the well-to-do classes to the metropolis to enjoy its varied pleasures and excitements, is conspicuous also for its religious and philanthropic anniversaries. Many of the great Christian organisations, which are peculiar to England and the United States, have already held their yearly meetings in Exeter Hall or St. James's Hall, and most of them can boast of flourishing incomes. The Bible Society, which is a bond of union between Churchmen and Dissenters; the Tract Society, which sends its winged messengers into all parts of the world; and the Church and London Missionary Societies, which find a common field of labour in our Eastern Empire and China, expend on their varied agencies an aggregate of more than £600,000 a year. Whatever defects may be found in their evangelising methods, they have a good deal to show in the way of practical results. Their missionaries, as in Central Asia and New Guinea, are the pioneers in civilisation and in geographical discovery. In India they have succeeded in shaking to its foundations the vast superstructure of Hindooism, if its votaries are not, to any large extent, converted to the Christian faith. In the Polynesian islands the trader follows, but dares not to precede, the missionary, and in most of the regions visited by these agencies, Zenana missions are gradually breaking down the isolation of woman and raising her in the social scale. Not the least hopeful aspect of these societies in their modern development is the pains taken to train up native agents and make native churches self-supporting. In this way the funds of parent societies are recruited, and missions are prevented from becoming a perpetual burden on the resources of those who establish them.

ECHOES OF THE WEEK.

An ex-Astronomer Royal may, I presume, be considered a competent authority in the matter of the coinage. Unless I am mistaken, Sir George Biddell Airy, K.C.B., F.R.S., was a member of the Commission intrusted with the superintendence of the construction of two Standards of Length and Weight after the great fire which destroyed the former national standards in the Houses of Parliament, in 1834. The patriarchal sage is old enough to recollect when there were no sovereigns, but only golden guineas (the coinage of which ceased in 1817) and one-pound notes—Confusion to the memory of the latter, reeking as it is with the odours of the Old Bailey and the New Drop! Well; Sir George Airy has written to the *Daily News* to tell the British Public what he thinks about "Wood's Halfpence"—I mean Mr. Childers's threatened ten-shilling pieces, which are to be worth only nine shillings. Says the famous man of science:—

I have remarked with much pleasure that the Coinage Bill is to be opposed on the ground of the liability, in the instance of the proposed nine-shilling pieces, to illicit coinage; and I am surprised that apparently this consideration has not presented itself to the Minister who introduced the scheme. Smashers can coin, I believe, as well as workmen of the Royal Mint, though not quite so cheaply; and I do not doubt that many a thought has already been turned to the crucible and the coining press. I should expect that in no long time the country would be flooded with nine-shilling pieces, created by the destruction of sovereigns, and more especially of the noble Victoria sovereigns of late date.

Quite as cogently does Sir George Airy point out the muddle which will arise if the Treasury issue these tokens (rust them, and rot them, and wither them!) at a ledger value of ten shillings each and receive them at value on the opposite page at nine shillings. This would be of no importance for foreign trade, as foreigners will receive and pay by the weight in pure gold. "But how," asks Sir G. Airy, "is it to be managed between the Treasury and the Bank of England, the Bank of England and the local banks, the local banks and the master tradesmen, the master tradesmen and the workmen. . . . *there is fraud, and how this fraud is to be divided I cannot conjecture.* Certainly there would be doubt, uncertainty, and suspicion in every transaction. . . . Let us have no juggling." May the shadow of Sir George Biddell Airy, K.C.B., F.R.S., never grow less!

An illustrious *savant* who has illustrated the Newtonian theory of gravitation and approximated the great object of weighing the earth, and whose name will be imperishably associated with the Transit Circle, the Altazimuth, the Reflex Zenith-Tube, the Water-Telescope, and the Equatorial, can scarcely be expected to be an adept in the slang of felons. Thus I may, with bated breath, just hint (not for the first time) that "a smasher" is not a coiner of illicit coin. The smasher is the rogue who passes or utters the spurious money.

"We should be accurate in our terminology, you say." Thus begins a communication from a rev. gentleman at Eastbourne, who continues—

Therefore, we should not call a five-pound-note money, for a five-pound-note, however "honest," is but *a promise to pay.*

The Rev. Mr. Cocksure once more to the front. In the first place, I did not write "terminology," but "technology;" in the next place, if the rev. gentleman will turn to an authority so easily accessible as "Webster's Dictionary" he will find the word "money" defined as—(1) "Coin: stamped metal; pieces of metal, usually gold, silver, or copper, stamped by public authority, and used as the medium of commerce. (2) Any currency usually and lawfully employed in buying and selling as the equivalent of money, *as bank-notes and the like.*" In "Chambers's Etymological Dictionary of the English Language"—"Money: Coin; pieces of stamped metal used in commerce; any currency used as the equivalent of money; wealth." In Ogilvie and Annandale—"Bank notes, notes of hand, letters of credit, accepted bills on mercantile firms, *are called money, or paper money, and are used as an equivalent for it.*"

Sir George Airy having spoken, we, "the little people of the skies," had need to puff out our petty farthing rushlights in the presence of the great Greenwich luminary. So not one more word do I intend to say about the Right Hon. Sampson Brass—I mean the Right Hon. Hugh Childers—and his threatened testoons till the question has been settled one way or the other. My correspondents may save themselves much time and trouble and many postage-stamps if they will bear this little "mem." in mind. Already the ten-shilling token discussion has begun to anger my (unknown) lady friends. Be not afraid, Mesdames and Mesdemoiselles. Childers and his projected adulteration shall have the go-by.

Here, however, is a lady ("G. N.") who condescends to take an interest in such a sober matter-of-fact topic as that of the soldier's "Brown Bess," and who quotes from the Queen's Regulations for 1857 the recipe for browning a musket barrel with spirits of wine, tincture of steel, corrosive sublimate, and so forth. But the recipe (for which many thanks) does not in the least help us towards the solution of the question as to when the epithet "Brown Bess" was first applied to the soldier's musket. The "Slang Dictionary" (Chatto and Windus) describes "Brown Bess" as "the old Government regulation musket; a musket with a browned barrel; also Black Bess." It is generally understood that it was the Iron Duke, who, in the Peninsula, introduced the practice of browning musket-barrels; and, if such were the case, it would favour the assumption that the "Bess" heretofore "Black" came to be known as "Brown"; but it must not be forgotten that, although the barrel of the old musket was bright, the stock was always brown. I have a very strong suspicion that in eighteenth-century literature I have read allusions to the musket as "Brown Bess."

Nor does it seem altogether clear that "Bess" is the same with "buss" from the German *büchse.* The "Slang Dictionary" holds that "Bess" is a term of endearment implying that the soldier is wedded to his weapon. Compare "Mons Meg;" "Queen Elizabeth's Pocket Pistol" (perhaps the arquebusiers at Tilbury called their weapons "Besses") "Whistling Dick," and the like. Every weapon of offence seems destined to have a *sobriquet.* A French Dragoon's sabre is his "coupe-chou," his cabbage-cutter. Even the horrible guillotine has among its clients a nickname. It is called "La Veuve."

There was in the *Times*, the other day, a letter, dated from San Francisco, and signed "Denis Kearney." It was as airy, jaunty, and cheery a letter as you could well wish to read. Mr. Kearney's object was to announce to the working women of England that there is a splendid opening for them in California, where (according to his showing), they can obtain situations as domestic servants at wages varying from two pounds ten shillings to seven pounds a month. Mr. Kearney adds that there are some eight thousand Chinese "slaves" in San Francisco "reluctantly employed by families as cooks, waiters, laundresses, chambermaids, and nurses"; and that the families would only be too glad to hire English girls in the stead of the Celestials, if they could. But why does not Mr. Kearney address his invitation to his own countrywomen, fresh consignments of whom are continually arriving at the Atlantic ports? I should most seriously advise any English working-girls desirous of bettering their condition to consult some trustworthy authority on emigration before lending an ear to the dulcet blandishments of Mr. Denis Kearney.

Mr. Kearney modestly recalls himself to the remembrance of the Editor of the *Times* as the leader of the agitation for prohibiting the immigration of any more Chinamen into California. He has now opened "an intelligence office, to get girls to take the place of the Chinese." I remember this gentleman very well indeed. In the spring of 1880, a gentleman drove me in his trotting-waggon from the Palace Hotel, San Francisco, through Golden Gate Park, to the hotel on the Pacific coast opposite the famous Seal Rock. What was known as the "Sand Lots" agitation was then at its height; and of that agitation the now peaceable keeper of a Servants' Registry Office was the leader. My friend happened to be a member (if not the chairman) of a Vigilance Committee, consisting of the leading merchants and men of business in San Francisco; and as we passed the Sand Lots he pointed with his whip in a particular direction, and incidentally remarked, "It is there that we intend to erect the gallows to hang Denis Kearney on." And they meant to do it; and would have done it, had not authority, in the nick of time, laid hold of Kearney, tried him, and sent him to jail.

Did not Mr. J. C. Jeaffreson once write a novel called "Live it Down"? There is nothing like "living it down." Read this.

Yes; but I am ashamed, disgraced, dishonoured, degraded, exploded; my notorious crimes and villanies are come to light; my abominable oppression and avarice lie open; my good name's lost; my fortune's gone; I have been stigmatised, whipt at post, arraigned, and condemned; I am a common obloquy; I have lost my ears. . . . Be content: 'tis but a nine days' wonder; and as one sorrow drives out another, one passion another, one devil another, one rumour is expelled by another; every day almost comes new news unto our ears, as how the sun was eclipsed, meteors seen i' th' air, monsters born, prodigies; how the Turks were overthrown in Persia, an earthquake in Helvetia, Catania, Japan, or China, an inundation in Holland, a fire at Prague. . . . such a man is made a lord, a bishop; another hanged, deposed, put to death. . . . all of which we do hear with a kind of admiration, detestation, consternation; but by-and-by they are buried in silence.

Thus "Democritus Junior." Was there ever a wiser caveat against despair? Live it down. Mr. Kearney has lived it down. We shall live the Egyptian scandal down. But the great thing needful is to avoid getting hanged. Patibulation is a mischance not to be remedied.

I am not learned in comparative and international folk-lore—a branch of knowledge, indeed, which, like scientific philology, demands the laboriousness, the patience, and the acumen of a Grimm or a Skeat. Thus, I am by no means certain as to whether the morsel of folk-lore to which I am about to call attention be—what it purports to be—young American, or very old English, Teutonic, or Scandinavian. It occurs in a two-volume novel which I have been reading, called "Stage Struck; or, She would be an Opera Singer," by Blanche Roosewelt (Madame Macchetta).

She (the heroine) raised her head once more; but she had forgotten that she was sleeping for the first time in a strange bed. Up she jumped, and commenced a performance which is never omitted by American girls under similar circumstances. She called the three corners of the room each by the name of one of her friends; but to that which was nearest her heart she gave no name. Then she returned to her bed and stepped in backwards, gazing intently on the nameless corner. It is believed by every American that if this ceremony be gone through properly, the true-love in the then nameless heart-corner will make his appearance in a dream.

And at Grace Church, New York City, in the flesh, I should hope. That is the place for true-love dreams to be realised. The late Mr. Sexton Brown was the best interpreter of "love-corner dreams." As famous he, in his time, as the Beadle of St. George's, Hanover-square. I used to fancy that the last-named glorified personage must be an incurable bachelor. He had seen so many marriages! As for Madame Macchetta's "Stage Struck" (it is published by Messrs. Sampson Low and Co.), it is one of the brightest and pleasantest performances that I have read for a long time. The Deacon's speech on the departure of the heroine Annabel to study operatic singing in Europe is a delicious little bit of light humour. "When I heard Annabel," says the Deacon, "at the tender age of six, in 'Those Evening Bells'; when, at ten, she led her class in 'I want to be an Angel'; when, later on, she scaled the sublimest heights until she had mastered 'Way down on the Swannee River' and 'What is Home without a Mother?' my heart glowed. I said to myself, 'We must give this voice to the world. Have we a right to keep trammelled in our choir a voice which is bound to paralyse the universe? *Jenny Lind, when she hears her, will lay awake nights and gnash her teeth.*"

Novels written "with a purpose" are usually either intolerably tedious or offensively impertinent. Madame Macchetta's "Stage Struck" has its purpose, but it is gently and instructively put. Her object in describing the painful struggles and tribulations of a young American lady who is ambitious to become a prima donna, and who wanders about Europe in search of an operatic Eldorado, is to dissuade American girls whose voices may be attractive enough in a church choir at home, but who certainly have not the making of a Patti, a Nilsson, an Albani, or a Gerster in them from taking a leap in the dark, squandering their own or their friends' money on singing-lessons in Europe, and plunging into diverting but perilous Bohemianism at Milan, at Paris, or in London, to awaken very often to the bitterest of disappointment and the wretchedest collapse of their hopes.

The orthography of the titular style of the late Madame Taglioni has been decisively settled by a lady who has very kindly sent me first one of the Sylphide's visiting cards, inscribed "Marie Taglioni—Comtesse Gilbert *de* Voisins;" and who, in the next place, has courteously brought under my notice a lordly quarto, the "Archives de la Noblesse de France et du Collége Héraldique de France," which comprises the "anciens cabinets" of "La Chesnaye des Bois," D'Hozier (dear to Sir Walter Scott), De Courcelles, Joursanvault de St. Allais, and other genealogical *gros bonnets.* A *fascicule* of this portentous work is allotted to the "Famille Gilbert *de* Voisins," who appear to hail from the Ile de France, and to have been Counts of the Empire and Peers of France, Marquises of Villaines, Grosbois, St. Priest, and St. Etienne, Counts of Crapodoet and Loheac, Lords of Villeron, De Mauger, De Villaroy, De Bouconvilliers de Medan, De Poiseron, De Véronnes, De Poligny, &c. *Et la France est en République*; and Taglioni is dead. The De Voisin family appear to have done grand things during the centuries in the careers of arms, of diplomacy, and of the magistracy.

"You Should" is the title of an amusing and gracefully written little book recently published by Messrs. Griffith and Farran. ("You should" read the historic house's facsimile reproduction of "Goody Two Shoes"), and of which the authoress, Mrs. Nannie Power O'Donoghue, veils her individuality under the initials "N. O. D." Madam, "You should" *not* hide your light under a bushel. You should proclaim yourself from the housetops, and get the town-crier (if such a functionary is to be found) to bawl your name and fame to the sound of a big bell through the streets. "You should" not only write books yourself, but get other people to write books about you. *Sic itur ad astra.* That is the way to get on nowadays, ma'am.

"You should," says "N. O. D.," giving sage advice to hosts and hostesses, "be slow to invite a gourmand, a gourmet, a wine-bibber, or a prattler. The two first-named are selfish and expensive; the third is costly and corrupting, the fourth dangerous." Excellent advice! When people come to dine with me, I give them nothing alcoholic except the celebrated Cock-alorum Sherry, which is a "natural" wine. They don't punish much of that, I promise you. As for gourmands and gourmets, and people who like "a skinful of wine" and people who prattle, the best way to keep those objectionable guests away from your board is to let it be known that your house is the habitual resort of the biggest bores in London. "You Should" is altogether and most divertingly readable; but, for the use of elderly people with some knowledge of the world, Mrs. Power O'Donoghue's pretty pages should be printed with wider margins, so as to afford space for annotations and comments on the part of fogeys.

In the matter of the execution of the Mannings, I am constrained to repeat (for the benefit of a benighted correspondent at Surbiton) that the murderers in question were hanged at Horsemonger-lane Jail on Wednesday, the 13th November, 1849, and not in 1853, as my benighted correspondent tells me (thinking to correct my last week's statement). I saw the Mannings hanged; and remember the occurrence as distinctly as though it had taken place yesterday. For the rest, see Haydn's "Dictionary of Dates" and the newspapers of the period.

Mem.: the "4" in the Manning paragraph is slightly crushed, and might, by a cursory observer, be mistaken for a "1"; but closer examination will show that it is a "4." I certainly began my journalistic career very early; but my readers would have reason to open their eyes very wide indeed did I tell them that I saw a couple of assassins strangled sixty-five years ago.

"Exile" is so kind as to write to me from so far off as the "Kistna District" to tell me that he has noticed, more than once, in this page, that I have used the expression "in our midst." He suggests that the expression is ungrammatical. "The pronoun 'our,'" he remarks, "is possessive, and, being so, must imply possession. Can a person or thing, or collection of persons or things, possess a midst? I think not, but am open to conviction." In the hope of convincing "Exile," I will quote Ogilvie and Annandale:—

That, *in their midst, in our midst,* &c., are "at odds" with the genius of our language is an assertion somewhat adventurous. As concerns a substantive, its subjective genitive universally, and its objective genitive very often, may be expressed prepositively. *Love of God,* intending love emanating from God, may be exchanged for *God's love;* but we may also say *Plato's commentators,* and the *world's end.* To come to possessive pronouns, we have no scruples about the objective *do his pleasure, sing thy praise, in my absence, on your account, to their discredit, in our despite,* &c., &c.; and with these phrases *in our midst* is rigidly comparable.

With reference to analogical principles, *in our midst* is altogether irreproachable.—*Fitzedward Hall.*

I am truly beholden to all the members of the very ancient and distinguished family of D'Oyley, who have favoured me with information respecting not only that historical name, but also the derivation of "doyly" or "doily" as a item of napery. Had I three pages instead of three columns at my command, I could enlarge on many of the interesting communications sent me on the "doily" and D'Oyley subjects; but restricted with regard to space as (happily for my readers) I am, I can do no more than acknowledge the receipt of more and more "Doyliana" which has flowed in. I cannot, however, refrain from recording that it is a gallant officer in the Royal Artillery (I never "name names," without I have the distinct permission to do so), who is still entitled to retain possession of the keys of Oxford Castle, "and would doubtless do so, if the castle was not in such a dilapidated condition as to require no doors." Appropriately enough, this last "D'Oyley" communication is dated from Petrolia, Ontario, Canada. Were there oil-wells on the domains of the Norman D'Oyleys? G. A. S.

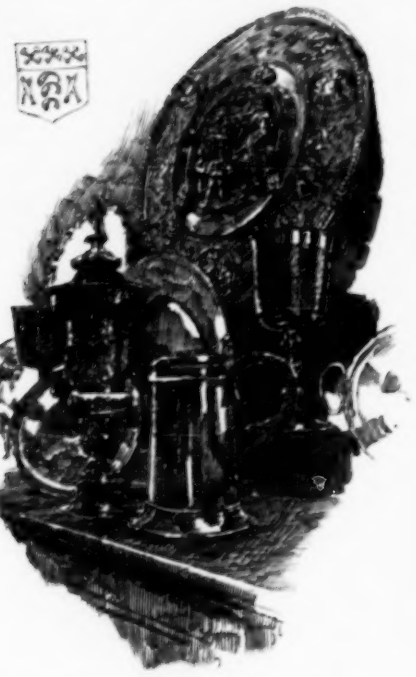
THE CITY GUILDS.—III: THE FISHMONGERS' COMPANY.

INTERIOR OF FISHMONGERS' HALL.

It has sometimes been said that Merchant Tailors' Company has usually shown a partiality for the Tory or Conservative party. We recollect a sumptuous banquet, in the Hall in Threadneedle-street, given to the late Earl of Derby and his colleagues just before the fall of their Ministry in 1859. The Company of Fishmongers, on the other hand, though we have seen an Archbishop and six Bishops at its hospitable table, was reputed to cherish a peculiar attachment to the Liberal party. It was certainly very Whiggish at the time of the Reform Bill, from 1830 onwards, especially when Alderman Sir Matthew Wood held the office of Prime Warden. Lord Brougham delivered some of his most energetic political speeches in the newly-built Hall adjacent to London Bridge. But it may be questioned whether membership of this or that City Company is any more real index of the opinions and sentiments, than of the individual character, of those who belong to it. When Shakspeare's Polonius (who was a very sagacious elderly gentleman) asks Prince Hamlet whether he knows him, Hamlet replies, "Excellent well; you are a fishmonger." The old courtier denies it, upon which Hamlet says, "Then I would you were as honest a man." What Shakspeare can have meant by this sarcasm, no commentator has successfully explained. We find no cause to believe that the Fishmongers' Company of Queen Elizabeth's time consisted of more honest citizens than those of other trade corporations. Their history, indeed, was fairly creditable; and it was their appointed duty, by several Royal ordinances following the Royal charters from Plantagenet Kings, to see that those who sold fish in London should "not water any fish more than twice, and not keep any fish, unless salted, beyond the second day." The fishmongers who observed such rules, and enforced them upon others, were passably honest men.

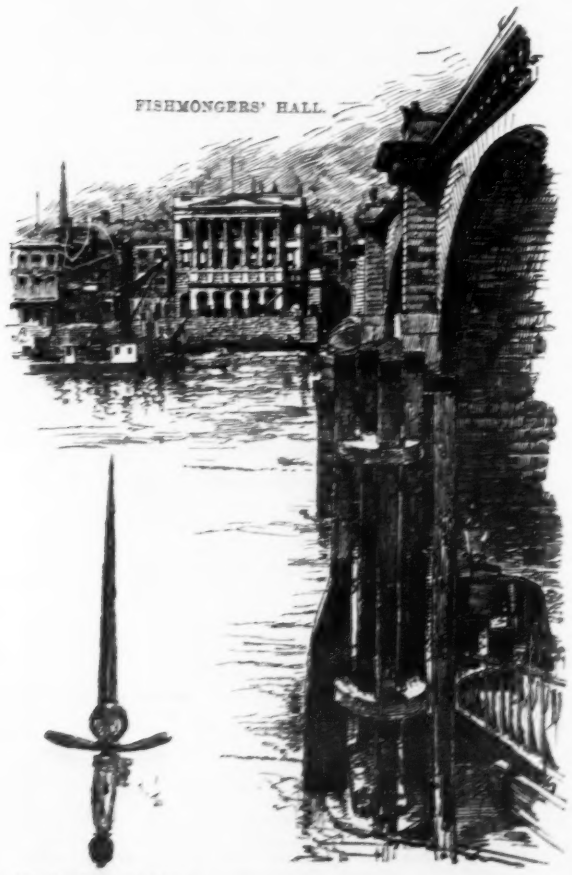
There were, originally, two distinct Companies, the Stock Fishmongers and the Salt Fishmongers. Stock-fish, as we understand, are those cut open and dried without salting, as was done with cod, ling, hake, and other species. Fresh fish, from the sea, could hardly be depended upon in London six hundred years ago, but there was a supply from the rivers and ponds. Such as there was, it naturally fell to the stock-fish department, which had a market-place, called Stocks Market, on the site of the present Mansion House. The market for Yarmouth herrings, soles, mackerel, and other sea fish brought up the Thames in boats, was not always at Billingsgate. There was a commercial reason for bringing salt herrings up near the Vintry; they were exchanged for the wine of Gascony with the French merchants there. So Queenhithe, where the customs' toll was the perquisite of the Queen, was privileged by King Henry III. with a monopoly of this branch of the fish trade. Its special market was then in a part of what we know as Knight Rider-street, below Doctors' Commons, formerly called Old Fish-street; extending to Friday-street, which got its name from the weekly purchase of fish, by good Catholics, for their Friday diet. Other kinds, however, were landed "at the chapel on London Bridge," and might be sold close by there, in the place we still call Fish-street-hill, which is near enough to the Billingsgate of the present day. The laws were very stringent against dealers going either up or down the river to meet those who brought fish to London, and to "forestall" the market by buying up a large part of the supplies. A tariff of retail prices, fixed by Edward I., prescribed threepence a dozen for the best soles, sixpence for one turbot, which was rare, a penny for one mackerel; while pickled herrings were to be sold twenty for a penny, and twenty-five eels for twopence. The value of money then may be roughly estimated at fifteen times its present value. Soles were certainly very cheap, and were little esteemed as food. In watching over the strict observance of these regulations, which were imposed and inforced by the King, the two Fishmongers' Companies must have had enough to do. They found time, nevertheless, to quarrel with the Skinners for precedence, and to fight it out with bludgeons, if not with swords and halberds, one fine day in Cheapside. They contracted a treaty of intimate alliance with the Goldsmiths, so that the two Companies often dined together, and exchanged liveries, for eight members of each, in token of friendship. When Edward I. came back in 1298 from his expedition to Scotland, the Fishmongers gave him welcome with a splendid pageant. But the reign of Richard II. was the heroic age of Fishmongers. The valour of William Walworth sheds immortal renown upon this City Company, which might boast of its chivalry as well as the Merchant Tailors. "Who killed Wat Tyler?" "I," says Sir William, "with this my brave dagger;" and his wooden statue, on the staircase of Fishmongers' Hall, had a dagger stuck in its hand reputed to be the identical weapon that slew the rebel chief. He was Sheriff and Lord Mayor of London in 1375 and in 1381, and Sir Nicholas Exton, another member of this Company, was knighted along with him. There had been sixty Lord Mayors out of the Fishmongers before the middle of the

ALDERMAN SIR THOMAS DAKIN, PRIME WARDEN.



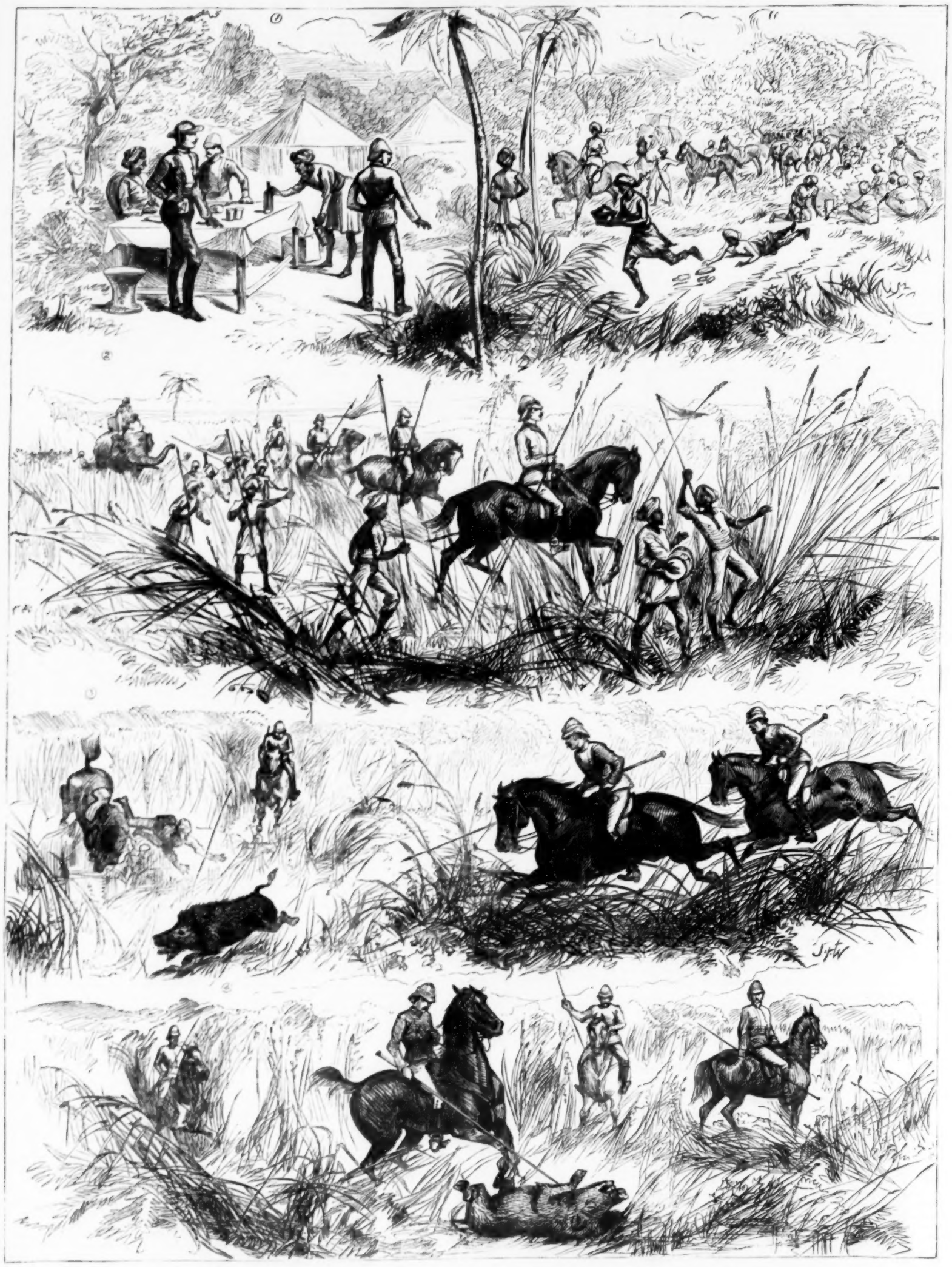
SOME OF THE PLATE OF THE COMPANY.

OLD CHAIR IN FISHMONGERS' HALL.



FISHMONGERS' HALL.

WALWORTH'S DAGGER.



1. The Meet. 2. The Drive. 3. "Gone Away." 4. The Death.

"PIG-STICKING" IN INDIA.

eighteenth century, and there have been many since that time. In 1616, on the Mayoralty of Sir John Leman, the customary street show included a figure of Walworth in full armour, brandishing his dagger, with the head of Wat Tyler carried on a pole before him.

The union of the two Companies, by a charter from Henry VIII. in 1535, confirmed by James I. in 1604, made one of high importance, ranking fourth among the "Twelve Great Companies" of London. The Stock and Salt Fishmongers had for many years acted together, and jointly occupied a mansion in Thames-street, purchased from the heirs of Lord Fanhope by John Lovekin, Prime Warden, on the site of which, between Water-gate and Old Swan-lane, they erected, after the Fire of London, a stately Hall, designed by Jarman, the architect of Drapers' Hall. Fishmongers' Hall was rebuilt, from the designs of Mr. H. Roberts, between 1830 and 1833. It is raised upon a massive basement, constructed of granite, which contains fire-proof warehouses or store-houses, leased to different tenants. The style of the edifice is Ionic Grecian, and with its balustraded terrace, overlooking the river, has a fine effect viewed from the Surrey side of London Bridge. The entrance-hall, with its columns of polished Aberdeen granite, is very handsome. An old-fashioned chair, and some of the plate, are shown among our Illustrations. The annual income of the Company is officially stated at £55,794; from trust property, £3798; from fees, £1293; from Irish property, £9953. Expenditure.—Donations to general charities, £13,647; for educational purposes, £4490; rents, rates, taxes, improvements, &c., £12,862; hall, £9310; management, court, officers, and office expenses, £5469; outlay on Irish account, £6215. The Company supports a free grammar-school at Holt, in Norfolk; Jesus Hospital, at Bray, in Berkshire, for forty poor old men and women; almshouses for twelve persons at Harrietsham, in Kent; the Wandsworth almshouses (St. Peter's Hospital) for forty-two inmates, some being married couples; fifty-two exhibitions, or scholarships, to the value of from £20 to £50 each, and several University scholarships, besides dispensing various alms of gifts or loans. The Thames watermen's sculling-race for "Doggett's Coat and Badge" is under the charge of this Company, by the will of Doggett, the comedian, who was a member of the Company, and who left it as a memorial of the accession of George I. The Company has also in charge, under the will of the late Mr. Henry Dodd, a sum of £5000 for the benefit of Thames bargemen and lightermen, and to give prize cups for their yearly sailing-matches. The government of the company is by a Prime Warden, five other Wardens, and a Court of Assistants, twenty-eight in number; there are three or four hundred livery members, and about a thousand freemen. There is still a jurisdiction over the London fish markets, at least within the City, and unwholesome fish, upon due inspection, is condemned and destroyed.

"PIG-STICKING."

This is a rude and ugly name for a favourite sport of Anglo-Indians who are bold horsemen and can handle a spear. The chase of the wild boar in that manner is a legitimate indulgence in the "pleasure of killing something"; for the animal is very destructive, and merits extermination almost as much as the tiger. We are indebted to Lieutenant Francis C. Carter, of the 5th Fusiliers, who some time ago furnished us with Sketches of Polo at an Indian military station, for the present Illustrations of what everybody calls "Pig-sticking," accompanied with a lively commentary in rollicking verse, which is not quite suitable. His division of the narrative, in four brief cantos, "The Meet," "The Drive," "Gone Away," and "The Death," corresponds, as will be seen, with the four sketches we have engraved. The party of English sportsmen, in some jungly district, which may be in the Terai or any other sub-Himalayan region famous for large quadruped game, have arrived overnight at their camping ground, with their native servants of different castes and employments, with their trusty steeds which can go through everything if they cannot go over it, and with the indispensable army of beaters who know the ground. They sleep the sleep of the healthy, get up at daybreak, and hurry up the "kitmutgars" for breakfast. More haste is worse speed, as will be seen in the first sketch; for one of the servants, in his anxiety to "look sharp," trips as he runs, upsetting half the breakfast. The secretary of the tent club is seen giving his last instructions to the "shikaree," the native contractor for the sport. When the shikaree has collected his coolies, in number about a hundred, they form a long line, and then, with much shouting, beating of tomtoms, and waving of flags, push through the grass, sometimes so tall and thick that it nearly drags one out of the saddle, to drive the pig out into the open. The next scene is "Gone Away!" The pig, a fine old boar, is out and off, and the hunters are after him, riding "for a spear," a chance of spearing him, at the risk of a fall. There is no picking one's way here; the jungle is so dense that little can be seen in front; and a "nullah" is a nasty thing to run into; but they disdain to look at the danger. After "jinking" several times, and bowling one horse and rider clean over, the pig is at length speared, but is not yet done for; so, with a broken spear in his ribs, he turns and charges the next comer with all his fury. But here, at last, he meets with his death.

See! the second spear has finished
The life of this fine old boar;
No wonder he died, for we see in his side
A gash of ten inches or more.
And now, in the shade, we dismount for a spell,
To give the good horses a rest;
For they carried us all exceedingly well,
And each of us men did his best.

This is the end of the song and of the story, which our correspondent's pencil has cleverly illustrated, and the truthfulness of which may be attested by any of our readers familiar with the character of Indian field sports. His Royal Highness the Duke of Connaught, with Lord Downe, Colonel Moore, Major Knox, Dr. Kavanagh, and Dr. Scott, had a day's pig-sticking at Oakla, in the Punjaub, last season; and the Duchess, with two other ladies, was a spectator of their valiant deeds.

In London 2811 births and 1586 deaths were registered last week. Allowing for increase of population, the births exceeded by 92, while the deaths were 12 below, the average numbers in the corresponding weeks of the last ten years. The deaths included 19 from smallpox, 93 from measles, 24 from scarlet fever, 7 from diphtheria, 119 from whooping-cough, 1 from typhus, 8 from enteric fever, 1 from ill-defined form of continued fever, 11 from diarrhœa and dysentery, and not one from simple cholera. The deaths referred to diseases of the respiratory organs, which had steadily increased from 285 to 360, in the four preceding weeks, declined to 326 last week, and were 6 below the corrected weekly average. Different forms of violence caused 44 deaths; 39 were the result of negligence or accident, among which were 18 from fractures and contusions, 3 from burns and scalds, 6 from drowning, and 7 of infants under one year of age from suffocation.

THE LATE MR. BENJAMIN, Q.C.

A very eminent member of the legal profession, who won great success and reputation first in America, and latterly in England, having been compelled to emigrate in consequence of his leading political part in the American Civil War twenty years ago, died last week at Paris. This was Mr. Judah Philip Benjamin. His parents were English Jews; he was born in the West Indian island of St. Croix; was educated as a lawyer in Louisiana, practising at New Orleans; became a Senator of the United States, and Secretary of State for the Southern Confederation; came to London in 1865, and worked here as an English journalist, barrister, Queen's Counsel, and Bencher of Lincoln's Inn; and retired from his profession last year, suffering from heart disease. His practice at the English Bar was chiefly before the House of Lords and the Privy Council. He was one of the ablest advocates of our time, and was author of a standard work on the law of the sale of personal property.

The Portrait is from a photograph by the London Stereoscopic Company.

MONUMENTAL SCULPTURE.

The memorial statue erected in the gardens of the Thames Embankment to the memory of William Tyndale, the first Protestant English translator of the New Testament, who suffered death as a martyr, in the Netherlands, in 1536, was publicly unveiled by Lord Salisbury, in the presence of a company amongst whom were the Bishop of Gloucester and Bristol, the Bishop of Bath and Wells, and other clergymen and gentlemen. We give an Illustration of this statue, which is the work of Mr. J. E. Boehm, R.A. It represents Tyndale in the robe of a Doctor of Divinity, with his right hand laid on an open copy of the New Testament, which rests on a printing press copied from a contemporary one at the Musée Plantin, Antwerp. In his left hand is a manuscript, and he is supposed to be uttering the words, "If God spare my life, ere many years I will cause a boy that driveth the plough shall know more of the Scripture than thou doest." The figure, which was cast in two pieces, the head and the rest of the statue being produced separately, is of bronze. It is 11 ft. in height, and weighs 2 tons 6 cwt. The difficult operations of casting this large work were successfully performed at the foundry of Mr. James Moore, Thames Ditton.

The monument, designed by the same sculptor, which has recently been placed over the tomb of the late Dean Stanley, in Westminster Abbey, is a recumbent marble statue, as shown in another of our Illustrations, which presents an excellent likeness of the well-known face of that amiable and accomplished clergyman, with his characteristic sweetness and brightness of expression: and the details are highly finished, the whole having a very agreeable effect.

The inhabitants of Barrow-in-Furness, a manufacturing town on the North Lancashire coast which is connected by property with the family of the Duke of Devonshire, have erected a monument to the memory of his son, the late Lord Frederick Cavendish, M.P., who was appointed Chief Secretary for Ireland when Earl Spencer became Lord Lieutenant, and who was with Mr. Burke, the Under-Secretary, foully murdered by Fenian assassins in the Phœnix Park, Dublin, little more than two years ago. The ceremony of unveiling the statue, which is of bronze, will be performed by Earl Spencer on the 28th inst. The sculptor, Mr. A. Bruce Joy, contributes to the Exhibition of the Royal Academy a model of his design, which is represented by one of the Engravings on our front page. It has won very general approval.

THE COURT.

The Queen and Princess Beatrice, accompanied by the Grand Duke of Hesse and Princess Elizabeth, arrived at Windsor Castle on Wednesday evening last week from Darmstadt. On Thursday afternoon the Queen drove out, accompanied by Princess Beatrice, Princess Elizabeth, and the Grand Duke of Hesse. Her Majesty went out on Friday morning with the Princesses and the Grand Duke of Hesse. Princess Christian of Schleswig-Holstein visited the Queen, and remained to luncheon. Princess Louise, Marchioness of Lorne, arrived at the castle in the evening. The Queen, accompanied by Princess Beatrice, Princess Elizabeth, and the Grand Duke of Hesse, drove to Claremont on Saturday afternoon, and visited the Duchess of Albany. Princess Louise visited the Royal Tapestry Works at Old Windsor. Prince and Princess Louis of Battenberg arrived at the castle from Darmstadt on Sunday morning. The Queen, Princess Louise, Princess Beatrice, and Princess Elizabeth of Hesse attended Divine service in the private chapel. The Dean of Llandaff preached. The Queen drove out on Monday afternoon, accompanied by Princess Beatrice and Princess Elizabeth of Hesse. The Princess Massimo, who accompanied the Duchess of Madrid, was presented to her Majesty by the Duchess. The Grand Duke of Hesse left for London in the morning, returning to the castle in the evening. Her Majesty went out on Tuesday morning, accompanied by Princess Beatrice and Princess Elizabeth of Hesse.

The Duke of Edinburgh arrived at Clarence House, St. James's, on Tuesday, and, after luncheon, called at the Admiralty. His Royal Highness left town in the evening to join the Duchess at Eastwell Park.

Her Majesty has appointed the Duke of Roxburghe to the Lord-Lieutenancy of Roxburghshire, and the Earl of Rosebery to the Lord-Lieutenancy of the county of Edinburgh, in succession to the late Duke of Buccleuch. The Queen has appointed Mr. Richard Davies Price to be Lieutenant and Custos Rotulorum of the county of Merioneth, in the room of Edward Mostyn, Baron Mostyn, deceased. Her Majesty has appointed the Earl of Aberdeen to be her Majesty's High Commissioner to the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland.

The appointment of Aide-de-Camp to the Queen, vacant by the death of the Duke of Buccleuch, has been conferred upon Colonel Walker, 3rd Battalion Royal Scotch Fusiliers.

Mr. and Mrs. German Reed will produce on Monday next, at St. George's Hall, Langham-place, that home of innocent mirth, a new first part, entitled "Fairly Puzzled," written by Oliver Brand, the music composed by Hamilton Clarke. Mr. Grain's new sketch, "A Little Dinner," and the amusing afterpiece, "A Double Event" will be retained.

Vice-Chancellor Dawson, C.M.G., of McGill University, Montreal, at whose instance the British Association visits Canada this year, read a paper on the subject of Prehistoric Man in Egypt and Syria last week before the Victoria (Philosophical) Institute, and described the investigations which he had carried on during the winter in Egypt and Syria.

At the annual meeting of the Religious Tract Society on the 9th inst. it was stated that the issues of works from the dépôt for the year had been 76,721,360, including thirty millions of tracts; 707 new works had been among the publications. The year's trade receipts were £189,631, an increase over 1882 of £9971.

THE PLAYHOUSES.

The return to England of Mr. Henry Irving and Miss Ellen Terry, "in the best of health and spirits," from their arduous and in every way triumphant tour in the United States, is the event that will be most interesting to playgoers this week. Mr. Irving has been so exhaustively "interviewed" since his arrival, and the extracts which have appeared in the newspapers of his "Impressions of America," and of Mr. Joseph Hatton's "Impressions of Mr. Irving," have been so numerous, that detailed comment on the great actor's Transatlantic experiences are in this place unnecessary. On the other hand, the enchanting grace of Miss Terry, and the many noble qualities possessed by the most intellectual and the most artistic of modern actors, have secured for them an abiding popularity among all classes of the admirers of the drama; and their welcome when they once more make their reappearance on the Lyceum stage will surely be as magnificently enthusiastic as has been their reception during their theatrical adventure in the States. I read that on Tuesday Mr. Irving occupied a seat in the Distinguished Strangers' Gallery in the House of Commons during the debate on the Vote of Censure. The Prime Minister observed the popular actor in the House, and afterwards had an interview with him in the lobby, and remained in animated conversation with him for some minutes.

At the Olympic "My Partner," singularly indebted as it was for its brief success to the manly, vigorous, and pathetic acting of Mr. George Rignold, has been found slightly too much a drama of the "Great West" to give abiding pleasure to a London audience. Although the genius of Mr. Bret Harte has done so much towards educating English people in the knowledge of the aspect of the gold-diggings and the manners of the "bhoys"—into the humours of the "Heathen Chinee" and the idiosyncracies of the peripatetic politicians of the prairies, the British mind has not yet become thoroughly imbued with the Occidental Legend; and many of its episodes the enactment of which might arouse a transatlantic or an antipodean audience to almost frenzied delight, are witnessed with comparative indifference by people at home, who are as yet unable to realise fully in their minds the types of character presented to them. Thus, for "My Partner" there has been substituted a very substantial melodrama called "Haunted Lives," written by Mr. J. Wilton Jones, which is of a nature to be thoroughly comprehended and appreciated by playgoers who like their dramatic fare highly spiced, and are not displeased to find pieces of the old Victoria and Surrey, and the existing Standard and Britannia character transplanted to the soil of the Strand. The pivot on which "Haunted Lives" turns is a Nihilist plot, the participators of which meet in the most gruesome coverts of the wilds of Soho. Its backbone is a long-continued conflict between villany and virtue. The story is not more wildly improbable than are the majority of highly-seasoned melodramas; and if the action be somewhat superabundant, no one can complain that it lacks either variety or interest. Mr. Philip Beck, a most earnest, conscientious, and promising young actor, achieved a brilliant success as the persecuted hero of "Haunted Lives;" and equal commendation must be accorded to Miss Alma Murray for her graceful and tearful impersonation of a distressed young wife. That experienced and impressive actress, Miss Rose Leclercq, played to admiration the part of a Russian Countess of Nihilistic proclivities, who "haunts" the life of an Englishman for whom she entertains a tigerish kind of love; and, designing at last to poison her unsympathetic swain, poisons herself by mistake. This is the type of Russian Countess with whom M. Ernest Feydeau and "Ouida" have made us so familiar; but the noble female Muscovite, with her arsenal of poisons in her dressing-case, has come to the pass of being "played out," both in novels and on the stage. It is time for the real female Nihilist—the Russian schoolmistress—the lady who mingles instruction in dynamite-exploding with the French irregular verbs, and combines the use of the globes with the use of the dagger and the revolver to make her appearance on the stage. A careful dramatic study of a lady Nihilist of the Vera Sassulich or the Sophie Perofskaya order is yet a desideratum. The "sensation" scene in "Haunted Lives" is that in which a ship on fire is represented. The maritime conflagration "fetched" the audience, especially the pit and gallery, on the first night of the performance of Mr. J. Wilton Jones's new and original, and certainly exciting melodrama.

Lively Miss Lotta—"who ever forgot her" that had once beheld her inimitable *gamineries?*—has determined that her rare capacity shall be devoted to more substantial stuff than the half drama half "variety show" class of entertainment, by the performance of which she has been hitherto principally known in this country. So the clever, merry, and indefatigable little lady has made her appearance at the Opéra Comique in an English and strictly inoffensive adaptation of MM. Meilhac and Milland's screaming vaudeville of "Mamselle Nitouche." Everybody knows the plot of "Nitouche"—that of a mischief-loving schoolgirl, who contrives, under the guardianship of a seemingly sanctimonious but deceptive organist, to give the slip to the convent in which she is being educated in order to pass an evening in the wildest of frolics, and to return to the nunnery next morning with an explanation which the Superioress is constrained, *faute de mieux*, to accept. The schoolgirl out of bounds has always been a favourite character with the French dramatists. Sometimes she elopes from a convent; sometimes it is from a *pensionnat de jeunes filles* that she plays truant; while the male accomplice of her escapade is, at will, a long-haired organist (as in "Nitouche"), or a dancing-master as in "Mademoiselle Colibri," or, a professor of the cornet-à-piston, as "En Pénitence." The extravagantly farcical incidents with which "Nitouche" absolutely overbrims affords Miss Lotta a hundred opportunities for displaying her agility, her audacity and liveliness in romping, her uncontrollable vivacity, her considerable Terpsichorean powers, and her rare sense of humour. The "Nitouche" at the Opéra Comique may have little to do with the "Nitouche" of Madame Judic: it is the rather a distinctly original and characteristic impersonation of Miss Lotta's own creation. To the uproarious fun of the piece Mr. Robert Pateman, as a bellicose major, and Mr. Wyatt, as the deceptive organist, largely contribute. "Nitouche" at the Opéra Comique will prove, I should say, an enduring success.

At the Gaiety the management has sagaciously revived, first, Mr. H. J. Craven's sparkling little comedy, "My Preserver," with Mr. Edward Terry as Bilberry, and Miss E. Farren as Dolly; and next, Mr. R. Reece's always amusing three-act burlesque of the "Forty Thieves," with Miss Constance Gilchrist as Morgiana (vice Miss Kate Vaughan, migrated to other dramatic realms), Mr. E. Terry as Ali Baba, Miss Farren as "the Slave of Love," Ganem, and Mr. E. W. Royce as Hassarac. A most welcome resuscitation.

G. A. S.

On Tuesday evening, at the Steinway Hall, Miss Cowen gave a dramatic recital. She had the musical co-operation of Miss de Fonblanque and Mr. Bernard Lane.

MUSIC.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.

On Saturday Madame Albani made her first appearance this season, and repeated her charming impersonation as Violetta in "La Traviata." The brilliant vocalisation in the earlier scenes, the genuine sentiment in those with Alfredo and with the elder Germont, and the pathos of the final death-scene, were again admirable features in a thoroughly fine performance. Signor Cotogni's rendering of the elder Germont's music was, as heretofore, a valuable aid to the general effect. Signor Marconi, as Alfredo, sang earnestly, but scarcely with so much success as in some former instances. The reappearance of Madame Sembrich was postponed from last Thursday week to the following Tuesday, when she sustained the title-character in "Lucia di Lammermoor" with a success fully equal to that of former occasions. Her brilliant execution, especially in the scene of delirium, elicited enthusiastic applause from a very numerous audience. As before, the characters of Edgardo and of Enrico Ashton were sustained, respectively, by Signor Marconi and Signor Cotogni. On Monday, Madame Pauline Lucca appeared as Margherita in "Faust," with great success, especially in the scenes of deepest emotion. On Saturday and Monday, M. Dupont conducted; on Tuesday, Signor Bevignani was the conductor.

The first Floral Hall Concert of the year takes place this (Saturday) afternoon, the programme being contributed to by some of the principal artistes of the Royal Italian Opera.

The short season of the Carl Rosa Opera Company at Drury-Lane Theatre closed last Saturday evening with a repetition of the English version of "Il Trovatore." Although of brief duration, the series of performances has been full of variety and interest—a special feature having been the production of an important new English opera, Mr. C. V. Stanford's "Canterbury Pilgrims," besides the reproduction of Mr. Goring Thomas's "Esmeralda" and Mr. Mackenzie's "Colomba," both—like "The Canterbury Pilgrims"—written and composed expressly for Mr. Carl Rosa. Repetitions of these, and of longer established favourite works, have rendered the performances largely attractive, and, we believe, more remunerative than any previous London series.

The Philharmonic Society's last concert but one of the seventy-second season took place last week, and included a performance, by Dr. Hans von Bülow, of Joachim Raff's pianoforte concerto in C minor; a remarkable work containing much fine writing, although occasionally too diffuse. It was rendered by the pianist in a style of transcendent excellence—both as to executive skill and artistic feeling—that elicited enthusiastic recognition from the audience. A new vocal piece, by Mr. Goring Thomas, entitled "Scène Religieuse," was produced with much success. It is a very expressive setting of words from Racine's "Esther," and was impressively sung by Mr. Santley. Other features of the programme call for no detailed comment. The orchestral playing was very good. Mr. F. H. Cowen conducted.

Mr. Charles Hallé gave the first of his new series of chamber music concerts at the Prince's Hall yesterday (Friday) week, when his coadjutors were Madame Norman-Néruda (violin) and Signor Piatti (violoncello).

Madame Essipoff gave a pianoforte recital at St. James's Hall yesterday (Friday) week, when her fine playing was heard in a varied selection of classical and brilliant pieces. Miss Margaret Gyde's Pianoforte Recital, which took place last week, deserves mention, as having manifested exceptional skill and taste on the part of a young and highly accomplished pianist.

The second of Señor Sarasate's four grand orchestral concerts took place at St. James's Hall last Saturday afternoon, when he played, with great success, Max Bruch's First Concerto for the Violin and other smaller pieces. Orchestral works were well rendered by a fine band, conducted by Mr. Cusins.

The fourth Richter concert of the new series took place on Monday, and brought forward Herr Brahms's new orchestral symphony. This is the third work of the kind produced by the composer. It is an elaborate composition, fully equal in interest to its predecessors. Each of its four divisions contains some masterly and effective writing, the third movement ("Poco Allegretto") having been encored. The symphony was heard for the first time in England on this occasion, and its success will undoubtedly be followed by its speedy repetition. Mr. E. Lloyd contributed vocal pieces by Handel and Wagner, with great effect.

The Bach choir gave the second and last concert of the season at St. James's Hall on Wednesday evening. Of the performances we must speak next week.

Mr. Ambrose Austin's annual concert took place at the Royal Albert Hall on the same evening, when his programme offered great and varied attractions. As manager of the concert arrangements at St. James's Hall, Mr. Austin has for many years been distinguished for his administrative capacities and his courtesy.

Dr. Hans von Bülow gave his third pianoforte recital (and last of the season) at St. James's Hall on Thursday afternoon; Madame Frickenhaus and Herr J. Ludwig gave the first of four chamber concerts at the Prince's Hall on Thursday evening; M. Wolf Pollak (violoncellist) gave a concert at Steinway Hall yesterday (Friday) afternoon; and for the evening a concert was announced at the Prince's Hall, consisting chiefly of vocal compositions, by Signor P. Tosti and M. Isidore de Lara. This (Saturday) afternoon, the last subscription concert of Mr. Henry Leslie's Choir will be given at St. James's Hall.

The Highbury Philharmonic Society will give the third subscription concert of the season next Monday evening, when the programme will comprise a selection from Weber's "Euryanthe," and works by Spohr.

Miss Philp—so well known as a successful song composer—will give her evening concert at St. James's Hall next Friday evening, May 23, with a strong programme of vocal and instrumental music contributed to by eminent artists. Many vocal compositions by Miss Philp, including some new pieces, will be given on the occasion.

Herr Max Pauer will give a performance of clavecin and pianoforte music at Prince's Hall, Piccadilly, next Thursday afternoon; and another performance on Thursday, May 29.

The Birmingham festival programme for 1885 is already settled in its chief details. Herr Hans Richter is appointed to succeed the late Sir Michael Costa as conductor. Several new works are to be produced, the most important of which will be M. Gounod's oratorio, "Mors et Vita." Besides this, new cantatas are to be brought out by Herr Dvorák, Mr. F. H. Cowen, Mr. T. Anderton, and Mr. C. V. Stanford; a new violin concerto by Mr. A. C. Mackenzie, and a new instrumental work (probably an organ concerto) by Mr. E. Prout.

The Bishop of St. David's has accepted the presidency of the British Archæological Association for the forthcoming congress at Tenby and ensuing session.

THE SILENT MEMBER.

The dramatic interest of the Censure debate was so strong that it drew our most distinguished actor, Mr. Henry Irving, to the House of Commons on the second day. Rarely has a political discussion centred, indeed, on so intensely dramatic a situation as that of the courageous English General, who, having journeyed as the Commissioner of the Government with but a handful of companions across the desert to the distant town of Khartoum on a pacific mission, found himself at length cut off from communication with Cairo, and, believing himself to be deserted by the Home Government, in a moment of impatience appealed for Volunteer aid to rescue him from his dangerous position.

Had it been actually true that a British Ministry could have had the fatuity (not to use a harsher term) to abandon their special envoy to his fate, one need hardly say an overwhelming majority would have supported the motion which Sir Michael Hicks-Beach made in these terms in the Lower House on Monday evening:—

> That this House regrets to find that the course pursued by her Majesty's Government has not tended to promote the success of General Gordon's mission, and that even such steps as may be necessary to secure his personal safety are still delayed.

But, it being "in the air" that the military authorities were already actively engaged in preparing for an Expedition to Khartoum, why, it may be asked, did not Ministers show their hand with less reserve? There would assuredly not have been so considerable a diminution of the Ministerial majority, had the Prime Minister and Secretary for War explicitly stated that a Gordon Relief Expedition would be ready to start at the right moment.

The House of Commons was at its fullest early on Monday evening when Sir Michael Hicks-Beach rose, amid the stentorian cheers for which the Conservatives have a reputation, to submit what was practically a motion of want of confidence in her Majesty's Government on account of their treatment of General Gordon. The presence of the Duke of Cambridge in the overcrowded Peers' Gallery, and of General Sir Gerald Graham elsewhere, proved how keen an interest was taken in the debate by the Army. Without dilating on the formidable indictment launched with characteristic force and ability against the Ministry by the ex-Secretary for the Colonies, one may remark that the chief points of the right hon. Baronet were his smart attempt to fasten on the Premier the angry phrase of "indelible disgrace" used by General Gordon against the Government when he imagined they had forsaken him, and his earnest expression of fear that, if nothing more than an Expedition in October were contemplated, long before that time the small garrison might be fighting for their lives. Naturally, these arrows of debate were barbed by the lusty cheers of the Opposition.

Mr. Gladstone, prompt to take up the challenge thrown down by Sir Michael Hicks-Beach, hastened to acknowledge that the Government recognised the obligation devolving upon them "to shield General Gordon from danger." It was in his best, because his tersest, style that the Premier sought to prove the inaccuracy of his eloquent critic's record of facts, and contrasted the "exuberant valour of his speech" with his "pale and colourless" resolution. The right hon. gentleman showed his unrivalled power in debate when he energetically repudiated the notion that an "indelible disgrace" was fastened on the Government because they had not undertaken to relieve the Egyptian garrisons of Berber, Kassala, Dongola, and Sennaar. But, the pith of his argument being contained in the acknowledgment that by the time the proper season for an Expedition arrives a military force would be ready, it may be repeated that it is inexplicable why the Prime Minister should not have dwelt more fully upon this, the main, point of the Ministerial case.

The Government, stung from their own side on Monday by Mr. Laing, had further attacks from the rear and flank to resist on Tuesday, when the whole of the afternoon and evening was consumed in the consideration of this engrossing subject. With the proverbial zeal of a new convert, Mr. O'Connor Power, who has left the Parnellite ranks for the Liberal fold, warmly defended the Government from the lively assaults of Mr. Chaplin. Lord Randolph Churchill, in a speech particularly effective and audaciously witty even for the lively leader of the "Fourth Party," accorded his entire support to the motion of Sir Michael Hicks-Beach, whose "magnificent indictment," he thought, "must have recalled to the Prime Minister himself the palmy days of Tory leadership." But the severest censure of the Prime Minister came from Mr. Forster, who from his coign of 'vantage behind the Treasury bench made a personal attack on Mr. Gladstone, which the Marquis of Hartington, at the outset of his strong and solid defence of the Government, vigorously rebuked the right hon. gentleman for delivering. Albeit the Secretary for War substantially assured the House that the Government would be prepared at the proper moment to dispatch an Expedition, and only dwelt on the difficulties in the way as a matter of prudence, yet Mr. Cowen was not to be dissuaded from letting off carefully elaborated impromptus summing up the huckstering statecraft whose highest effort was to—

> Promise, pause, prepare, postpone,
> And end by letting things alone.

Nor, though Mr. Cowen's barbed criticism was answered by his able colleague, Mr. John Morley, could Mr. Goschen forego the pleasure of censuring the Administration with the freedom of a candid friend. It should be admitted, however, that each of these speeches, and notably the able and luminous addresses of Sir Charles Dilke and Sir Stafford Northcote at the close of the debate, were worthy of Parliament in the highest sense.

Ministerial cheering at the issue of this warm debate was answered by loud and prolonged counter-cheering when, in the small hours of Wednesday morning, the smallness of the majority was ascertained. Several Liberals, in addition to Mr. Parnell and his obedient followers, voted with Sir Michael Hicks-Beach; and the motion was only negatived by the majority of 28—303 against 275 votes. The Government possibly now regret they did not fully, and as unreservedly as was expedient, acquaint the Commons with the arrangements which are, it is said, being made for the Expedition to Khartoum.

Sir Edward Watkin's persevering efforts to obtain the sanction of Parliament to the Railway Tunnel under the English Channel were again checked in the Commons on Wednesday, the motion for the second reading of the bill being defeated by a majority of 138—222 against 84 votes.

At a private Chapter of the Illustrious Order of St. Patrick held at the Viceregal Lodge, Dublin, on the 8th inst., William White Tristram St. Lawrence, fourth Earl of Howth, was invested a Knight of St. Patrick. The Lord Lieutenant, as Grand Master, was attended by the Marquis of Drogheda and Lord O'Hagan, K.P.'s. The declaration was administered by the Dean of St. Patrick's; and Sir Bernard Burke, C.B., Ulster, performed the usual official requirements.

NATIONAL SPORTS.

Though the card gave no promise of anything very exciting in the way of sport, the beautiful weather tempted a fair number of visitors to the opening day of the Newmarket Second Spring Meeting. The most interesting event was undoubtedly the Breeders' Plate, for which a capital field of seven came to the post. Empress Queen, who was the only one of the party that had to carry a penalty, was not much fancied, nor was Lonely, though her hollow victory over Clonmel in their match looked remarkably well viewed by the light of the latter's subsequent success. Nothing, however, really went down with backers except Grecian Bride, a "dark" filly by Hermit—La Belle Hélène, who came out with a great private reputation, and it was a sad blow to them when she succumbed to Lonely by a head. The finish was one of the most exciting ever seen, for Glen Rosa was only beaten by the same distance for second place, and she, in her turn, was but a neck in front of Aveline. Empress Queen, who again showed a great deal of temper at the start, finished the absolute last; and we should not be surprised if Glen Rosa—a beautiful daughter of Blair Athol and Genuine—were ultimately to turn out the best of the party, as she was by no means thoroughly fit, and, being a fine, slashing filly, time ought to do a great deal for her. In the Burwell Stakes, Kinsky disposed of any Derby pretensions that Brest might have been supposed to possess; and Keir (8 st. 12 lb.) took the Newmarket Spring Handicap, after a very severe finish with Glasgow (8 st. 7 lb.).

On Wednesday the only race of any importance was the Payne Stakes, which was really a match between Scot Free and Harvester, though there were four other runners. The former was asked to concede 7 lb., which he certainly ought to have been able to do after his runaway victory in the Two Thousand, and odds of 15 to 8 were laid on him. The race was run at a capital pace throughout, and, as Harvester won by three-quarters of a length with comparative ease, he at once became all the rage for the Derby, as little as 5 to 2 being accepted about him as soon as he had passed the post. Royal Fern again cut up wretchedly, and was fairly beaten by Brest, who finished a poor third.

After the wretched sport at Chester, where the race for the Cup was greatly spoilt by the unfortunate accident which resulted in Beauty breaking one of her legs and Cameliard being knocked out of the race, it was quite refreshing to see the really capital racing that was provided at Kempton Park at the end of last week. The antagonism of Geheimniss (10 st. 3 lb.) and Lowland Chief (9 st. 10 lb.) in the Westminster Cup was watched with the keenest interest, and, though they only cantered until a little over a quarter of a mile from home, the pace for the rest of the journey was really terrific, and the mare scored a clever victory. Though the Grand Prize was worth nearly £1000 to the winner, the ten runners were not a very brilliant lot, and Archer, on Cherry, was actually allowed to start at 10 to 1. This filly was more than useful last season, and had not the least difficulty in winning, Doncaster Cup and Caltha, respectively, running second and third to her. There was a rare attendance on Saturday, when the card was scarcely so good a one as on the previous day, and the Great Breeders' Produce Stakes was completely spoilt by Archer, on Necromancer, getting away with a lead of something like ten lengths, none of the others ever being in it. Directly after the race, Baron de Hirsch, the owner of Laverock, who finished second, and Messrs. Chaplin and Redfern lodged a complaint on the ground that the winner had obtained a flying start, and, at the time of writing, the matter is not finally settled.

Cricket seems to have "got into its stride" at once this season, and already several first-class matches have been decided. The result of the contest between the Australians and Lord Sheffield's Eleven was sadly disappointing to supporters of the Englishmen, as a team which included such players as Dr. W. G. Grace, and Ulyett, Hall, Shrewsbury, Barnes, Flowers, and Harrison, ought scarcely to have suffered a single innings defeat. The Australian victory was in a great measure due to the splendid batting of Bannerman (94); whilst it was never necessary to ask Spofforth to bowl, Palmer and Giffen taking ten wickets each, the former securing his at an expense of only 72 runs. In county matches, Yorkshire has obtained an altogether unexpected victory over Gloucestershire. The latter team went in for the second time with only 85 runs to get to win, and were all out for the miserable total of 43. The highest individual score on either side was the 40 put together by Mr. Gilbert. As might have been expected, Kent had not much trouble with Somersetshire, for, thanks mainly to Mr. A. J. Thornton's (86) fine batting, the "hop county" won in one innings, with 27 runs to spare.

On Saturday last E. T. Jones, of Leeds, and J. Finney, of Oldham, swam a quarter of a mile, for £50 a side, in the Waterloo Lake, Roundhay Park, Leeds. Jones, who was undoubtedly the champion swimmer a few years ago, appears to have regained his best form, and, taking the lead at the start, gradually left his opponent, and won with the greatest ease by about thirty yards, in the somewhat slow time of 6 min. 55 sec.

A thunderstorm, accompanied by a heavy fall of rain, passed over London on Monday afternoon.

The Bishop of Argyle and the Isles preached in St. Paul's Cathedral on Sunday night to a large congregation.

Archdeacon Farrar has been elected Bampton Lecturer at Oxford University for the ensuing year.

Both Houses of Convocation of the Province of Canterbury reassembled on Tuesday.

The Lord Mayor has expressed his willingness to receive at the Mansion House subscriptions in aid of the Wyclif Quincentenary Commemoration, which takes place on the 21st inst.

By an explosion at Nobel's dynamite works, in Ayrshire, on the 8th inst., ten girls engaged in the manufactory were killed and others were severely injured.

The Portrait of the late Rev. Dr. Goodford, Provost of Eton (a memoir of whom will be found in the Obituary), is from a photograph by Messrs. Hills and Saunders, of Eton.

Mr. James Willing, jun., has been presented with a massive silver dessert service in recognition of his services to Freemasonry.

Some high prices were realised at a sale of pictures last Saturday at the rooms of Messrs. Christie, where Sir E. Landseer's "Monarch of the Glen" was, after a brisk competition, purchased by Mr. Eaton, M.P., for 6200 guineas.

The steam-ship Abergeldie, of 1878 tons, Captain J. A Smith, chartered by Sir Saul Samuel, Agent-General for New South Wales, sailed on Tuesday from Plymouth for Sydney with 594 emigrants.

The weekly returns of metropolitan pauperism show that in the fifth week of April there were 89,089 paupers, of whom 53,922 were indoor and 35,167 outdoor. This is a decrease of 2135, 1394, and 1556, respectively, as compared with the corresponding weeks of 1883, 1882, and 1881. On the last day of the fifth week of April 497 vagrants were relieved, of whom 354 were men, 134 women, and 9 children under sixteen years of age.

OPENING OF THE INTERNATIONAL HEALTH EXHIBITION BY HIS RO

IBITION BY HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS THE DUKE OF CAMBRIDGE.

PARISIAN SAYINGS AND DOINGS.

(*From our own Correspondent.*)

Paris, Tuesday, May 13.

That inexhaustible topic, the weather, is perhaps the topic uppermost in our Parisian minds: the temperature on Sunday reached 85 deg.; the sunshine is dazzlingly brilliant; we have had a thunderstorm; strawberries are abundant; the cafés-concerts of the Champs Elysées are crowded every night: all which phenomena lead to the agreeable conclusion that summer has come in earnest. Paris, with the tree-shaded boulevards and its flowery squares and parks, would be charming were it not for the ill-directed zeal of the ediles, who are having holes dug and pitfalls laid all over the town, ostensibly with a view to laying down wood pavement. This new pavement is the latest craze of the Parisians, who will soon be able to ride from the Bastille to the Arc de Triomphe over a noiseless surface, and who, on the National Fête, on July 14, will be able to dance in the streets as it were on the parquet of a ball-room floor. Awaiting this happy result, the streets are all upset and hilly, and quite Helvetic in aspect.

The Prince of Wales, who arrived in Paris last night, invited Lord Lyons to breakfast this morning; and in the course of the afternoon, accompanied by the Ambassador, paid a visit to President Grévy at the Elysée.

M. Ferry will be able to come before the Chambers next week, when Parliament reassembles, with a documentary settlement of the Tonquin question in hand. The news of the signature of the treaty with China was received here yesterday, and this morning the *Journal Officiel* contains the outlines of the convention, which are: Recognition of the French protectorate over Tonquin and Annam; opening exclusively to French commerce of the three southern provinces of China; China to pay no war indemnity to France. The anti-English journals are particularly joyous about the monopoly of the commerce of the southern provinces.

The result of the *ballottage* for the municipal elections has been everywhere favourable to the Republic, and the Monarchists, who talked so loudly before the event, are obliged now to confess their utter defeat. As for Paris, although the Autonomists form the majority, the electors have in many cases shown their good sense by neglecting outrageous revolutionaries like citizen Joffrin, who has not been re-elected. The Municipal Council, as at present composed, includes 41 Autonomists, 28 Opportunists, and 11 Conservatives. The Autonomist majority will, of course, resume the campaign in favour of the central *mairie*, a municipal police, and the independence of the capital.

Prince Napoleon has once more quarrelled with his son Victor, and brought upon himself the maledictions of the Imperialists. This time the Prince has practically abdicated, for he says in a published letter which has attracted much attention: "Never forget that the name of Napoleon does not exclusively represent a form of government. Empire or Republic is an accessory question to be resolved according to the will of the people alone; and besides, the Republic could not be displeasing to the descendants of the first Consul and of the only President of the Republic who was instituted by universal suffrage." Plonplon is evidently preparing to succeed President Grévy.

The marriage of Prince Murat with Mademoiselle d'Elchingen was celebrated last Saturday, the religious ceremony being performed at half-past twelve at the residence of the Papal Nuncio.—The Academy of Moral and Political Sciences on Saturday last elected Mr. Fawcett a correspondent in the Political Economy Section. — M. Würtz, the eminent chemist, member of the Institute and life senator, died suddenly yesterday morning, at the age of sixty-seven. M. Würtz was famous for his studies in organic chemistry, and particularly for his new theories on atoms.—Prince Michael Stourdza, former hospodar of Moldavia, died last week, at the age of ninety. The Prince had lived in Paris since 1849, when political events placed him in the category of Kings in exile.—Calmann Lévy at length publishes a French translation of the mémoires of Heine, which have been so much talked about during the past twelve months.

T. C.

A series of fêtes, which aimed at recalling the life of the ancient Romans, has been held at Pompeii. The "Emperor Vespasian," accompanied by senators, ediles, lictors, and priests, proceeded to a circus, where races, gladiatorial contests, and other games took place.

The Emperor of Germany was present at the races at Charlottenburg on Monday afternoon. His Majesty was received with enthusiasm by the people assembled on the race-course, who sang the German National Hymn on his arrival. The Empress started last Saturday morning for Baden-Baden, the Emperor taking leave of her Majesty at the railway station. On Thursday afternoon last week the Prince of Wales dined with the Emperor. The Prince of Wales has been giving much attention to military matters. After attending the cavalry manœuvres near Potsdam on Friday, he accompanied the Crown Prince to the inspection of several Guards regiments on the Tempelhof Field last Saturday, wearing, as usual, the red uniform of his Blucher Hussar Regiment. In the afternoon the Prince called on Prince Bismarck, remaining a considerable time at the Chancellor's house. On Sunday afternoon a dinner was given in honour of the Prince of Wales by the German Crown Prince and Princess at the New Palace in Potsdam. All the Princes at present staying in Potsdam and the members of the British Embassy in Berlin were invited. The Prince of Wales left Berlin in the evening for Paris.—In the course of the debate in the German Parliament upon the Anti-Socialist Bill, Prince Bismarck informed the House that, should it reject that measure, the Government would discuss the bill with a new Parliament. On Monday last the bill was read the third time without amendment, and was subsequently adopted.—On Tuesday was passed by acclamation the bill for granting the sum of 135,000 marks to Dr. Koch and the other members of the Cholera Commission, as a reward for their brilliant discoveries in Egypt and India.

In presence of all the members of the Austrian Imperial family, the funeral of the late Empress Anna took place last Saturday afternoon at the Church of the Capuchin Monks in Vienna.—On Monday the Austrian Parliament passed a bill forbidding the employment of women, and Sunday work of all sorts, in mines.

By a vote of 60 to 58, the Belgian Chamber has rejected the motion for an inquiry into the property held by convents.

The death of Midhat Pasha, who at one time enjoyed the repute of being one of the most progressive of Turkish Ministers, is reported in a telegram from Constantinople.

A proclamation has been issued by the United States Government offering a reward of £5000 to any one, not in its naval or military service, who shall "discover and rescue, or satisfactorily ascertain the fate of, the expedition of Lieutenant A. W. Greely." The steamer Alert, one of the vessels to be engaged in the Relief Expedition, sailed from New York last Saturday. She flew the British flag; and Fort Columbus, at the harbour entrance, fired a special salute of twenty-one guns while the vessel was passing, by order of the Secretary for War, as a recognition of the British Government's generosity in giving the ship. The Alert received a general salute from cannon, steam whistles, &c., throughout her passage from the Navy yard to the sea.—A bronze statue of Chief Justice John Marshall was uncovered in the Capitol grounds at Washington last Saturday by Chief Justice Waite, a large number of persons attending the ceremony.—On Tuesday the Senate passed a bill placing General Grant on the retired list.

A telegram from Ottawa states that in ten days 6500 immigrants landed in Canada.

The Cape Ministry have resigned in consequence of their recent defeat in the House of Assembly, and Mr. Upington has been charged with the formation of a new Cabinet. It is officially announced that the new Ministry has been formed as follows:—Mr. Upington, Premier and Attorney-General; Mr. Ayliff, Colonial Secretary; Mr. Gordon Sprigg, Treasurer-General; Mr. Schermbrucker, Commissioner of Crown Lands and Public Works; Mr. Delvet, Secretary for Native Affairs.

A telegram from Sydney states that the drought in New South Wales has at length broken up. There have been heavy losses of stock.

CITY ECHOES.

WEDNESDAY EVENING.

Fresh disasters have fallen upon the American market. Financial and banking failures have occurred, and others are considered to be in prospect. The result is a further decline in several groups of American railway issues. There is, therefore, no longer room to doubt that a severe crisis prevails in New York, and that it is capable of yet bringing about some fresh severe experiences. Our interest in the subject is simply as investors. We hold largely of the issues which are now tumbling about, and many a man must be asking himself if it is wise to hold on any longer to property which goes through such experiences. That is a fit subject for consideration at this or any other time, but one can scarcely conceive that in any case this is the time to act upon whatever conclusion is come to. It is rather a time to keep still. Sooner or later the present disordered conditions must give place to what is more usual, for America continues to grow apace in population and trade, and if now there is a redundancy of railway facilities, requirements must in a little time grow up to them. Meanwhile, it is beyond dispute that on every hand stocks are being sold down to prices which are greatly below their statistical position, and it follows that for those who have ready money to go to market with there are now many good bargains in this now despised American list.

But considerable numbers of British holders have for a long time past been selling out quite regardless of the loss so involved or whatever chance there may be of subsequent resuscitation. They have got distrustful, and they will not go on. To this view and action is largely due the present extraordinary plethora of money. The banks allow but 1½ for deposits, and yet the amount left with them increases. Many have no doubt invested in the highest class stocks, and hence the unprecedented prices reached by Colonial and Indian Government bonds and by English railway debenture and preference issues. It is possibly little use to say a word in favour of a gradual widening of the area of choice, the general temper of the investing mind at a time like this being to contract, and this in its turn, as we all know, is commonly followed by an outburst of speculative abandon. But it is obviously wiser to be moderate all through, difficult as that is. Anyone who will take the list of securities quoted in the Stock Exchange, and at every point of interest will turn to a good book of reference on the subject, will find that many opportunities yet remain to the diligent investor. Take the case of people who will not have partly-paid shares, and who, moreover, are averse to all shares because of the variableness of the dividend. Such people want debentures, with a moderate rate interest and complete security as to both income and capital. There are more debenture-issuing companies than railways, and amongst them are some whose long experience and financial position entitle them to the fullest confidence. Such debentures yield 4, 4½, or 5 per cent, according to circumstances, while it is not easy to get 3½ out of the more popular and better known railway stocks.

The directors of the Canada North-West Land Company, Limited, have decided to recommend to the shareholders the reduction of the capital by one half. This will extinguish the whole of the liability on the shares, and be a most welcome relief to a large class of shareholders in both Canada and Europe.

T. S.

LIFE-BOAT WORK IN 1883.

The committee of the Royal National Life-Boat Institution, in their sixtieth annual report, state that the number of life-boats now under the management of the institution is 274. The total number of life-boat launches during the year 1883 was 283; lives saved, 725; and vessels saved, 30. In addition to these services, 230 lives were saved from shipwreck by shore-boats and other means, which had received rewards from the institution, making a total of 955 lives rescued last year. The number of lives saved during the sixty years from the establishment of the institution to the end of the year 1883 is 30,563. During the year 1883 the receipts of the institution in donations, subscriptions, and dividends amounted to £40,250, while the expenditure was £45,817.

It has been decided by the trustees of the British Museum to make an important accession to the treasures of the coin department of that establishment by the purchase of some 2500 Chinese coins selected from the Tamba collection.

A Volunteer Fête, to celebrate the twenty-fifth anniversary of the Volunteer force, takes place to-day (Saturday), at the Royal Aquarium. There will be an assault-at-arms and a prize competition for Volunteers.

The Duke of Cambridge patronised a bazaar held at the Horns, Kennington-park, on Wednesday and two following days, in aid of the renovation fund of St. Barnabas, Guilford-road, South Lambeth.

Mr. Gladstone having learned that the widow of the Rev. J. H. Blunt, Rector of Beverstoke, was left in reduced circumstances, has placed at her disposal the sum of £100 from the fund which the Prime Minster always has under his control for purposes of this kind.

A brigade field-day, the first held this year, took place in Hyde Park on Tuesday. The troops taking part comprised the second and third battalions of the Grenadier Guards, from Wellington Barracks, and the first battalion Coldstream Guards from Chelsea.

Sitting in the Chancery Division, Mr. Justice Denman gave judgment on Monday against five directors of the Army and Navy Provision Market for the amount advanced by the Rev. Mr. Edgington, as he alleged, in consequence of misleading statements in a circular issued by the defendants.

BENEVOLENT OBJECTS.

The Duke of Westminster has contributed £50 towards the renovation of the English Congregational Church at Holywell.

The Goldsmiths' Company have granted £25 and the Mercers' Company 10 guineas, to the Cabmen's Shelter Fund.

Some members of the Kyrle Society have decorated the Quin Ward in the Homœopathic Hospital with their paintings.

The Board of Trade have awarded a binocular glass to Captain Philpot, master of the French steam-ship Raoul Godard, of Nantes, in recognition of his humanity and kindness to the shipwrecked crew of the steam-ship Cornwall, of Cardiff, whom he rescued at sea on Dec. 18 last.

The following meetings were held on the 7th inst.:—The festival dinner in aid of the Medical Benevolent College at Epsom took place at the Langham Hotel—Sir Joseph Lister in the chair—and contributions amounting to £900 were announced. At the anniversary dinner of the Governesses' Benevolent Institution, given at Willis's Rooms, the Earl of Aberdeen in the chair, subscriptions amounting to £825 were announced. Lord Carlingford presided at the Freemasons' Tavern over the annual dinner of the governors and friends of St. Mary's Hospital, the subscriptions being £2400. An amateur dramatic entertainment in aid of St. Mary's Hospital was given in the new wing on Wednesday and Thursday evenings. The performances included "The Heir-at-Law" and "The Morning Call." Another performance is to be given this (Saturday) evening.

A festival dinner of the friends of Westminster Hospital took place on the 9th inst. at the Holborn Restaurant, the Lord Mayor in the chair. The contributions amounted to £4500.

On the 9th inst., the annual general meeting of the supporters and friends of the London City Mission took place at Exeter Hall, Strand, under the presidency of the Lord Mayor. The report stated that the total receipts for the year had been over £62,970, the largest sum the society had ever received in one year. The total expenditure had come to £51,505.

Last Saturday the new Boys' Industrial Home, Shaftesbury House, Forest-hill, was opened by the Lord Mayor. The Earl of Shaftesbury referred to the vast amount of valuable work which such institutions were doing in the metropolis, and some £200 was collected in aid of the work.

On Monday afternoon the old burial-ground situate in High-street, Lambeth, was opened to the public by the Rector, the Hon. and Rev. F. G. Pelham, who, with the churchwardens and overseers, has transferred the ground to the vestry under the provisions of the Metropolitan Open Spaces Act.

Lord Shaftesbury presided on Monday evening, in Exeter Hall, at the fortieth anniversary of the Ragged-School Union. Prizes consisting of handsomely-bound books were presented to 700 old scholars, representing sixty-two schools in connection with the Union, who had kept their situations for twelve months and upwards. A concert followed. The president then gave an address, in the course of which he advocated the obtaining situations for the poor children of the Ragged Schools as domestic servants in the metropolis, where the cry now was the want of such assistants. Ragged schools had been the means of taking off the streets 300,000 children who, but for this active agency, would by now have swelled the ranks of what was termed the "dangerous classes."

Some hundred gentlemen dined at the Holborn Restaurant on Tuesday evening, under the presidency of the Lord Mayor, to celebrate the festival of the Metropolitan Free Hospital. A cordial appeal on the part of the Lord Mayor resulted in the announcement of a collection, including legacies to the amount of £1200, reaching £3804.

A bazaar in aid of the building fund of the Royal School for the Daughters of Officers of the Army was opened on Tuesday by the Duke of Cambridge at the Townhall, Kensington.

Under the general title of a Royal Irish military Tournament an extensive series of military exercises and contests are announced to be held at Ball's Bridge, Dublin, on the 15th and 16th inst. Money prizes are numerous, but the crowning trophy will be a sword of honour to be awarded to the competitor who displays the greatest proficiency in the use of weapons. The tournament is under the patronage of the Queen, the Lord Lieutenant, and the Commander-in-Chief, and its profits are to be devoted to the benefit of the Irish Military Charities.

A meeting was held on Thursday afternoon at 37, Grosvenor-square, by permission of the Earl and Countess of Aberdeen, to hear Miss Ada Leigh, the Right Rev. Bishop Hellmuth, D.D., the Rev. Canon Boyd Carpenter, W. Fowler, Esq., M.P., Samuel Smith, Esq., M.P., and other friends, give information concerning the work amongst the English in Paris and the serious evils arising from the English marriage law not being recognised in France.

A dramatic performance will be given in aid of the Central London Throat and Ear Hospital Gray's-inn-road, by the "Busy Bees" Amateur Dramatic and Musical Society, at St. George's Hall, Langham-place, next Tuesday.

A bazaar of useful and fancy articles in aid of the Mission to the French in London and Great Britain, carried on entirely by voluntary contributions, under the superintendence of M. Le Pasteur du Pontet-de la Harpe, B.D., will be held in the Duke of Wellington's Riding School, Knightsbridge, on Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday next week, between the hours of two and nine o'clock p.m., under the patronage of H.R.H. Princess Christian of Schleswig-Holstein and H.R.H. Princess Mary Adelaide Duchess of Teck.

The Wandering Minstrels will give a concert in aid of the Newport Market Refuge and Industrial School at the Grosvenor Hall, 200, Buckingham Palace-road, next Thursday, May 22, at eight p.m.

The particulars of the eleventh annual Saturday collection on behalf of the hospitals and dispensaries of London have been issued. The fund is, it appears, steadily progressing.

An appeal is made on behalf of the Children's Convalescent Home at Broadwater, Worthing, which has been in existence two years. The applications for admission are so numerous that the committee propose opening another shortly in Ramsgate. These homes are for the reception of poor London children who have been ill and need change of air and diet; already nearly 200 have been restored to health at Worthing. The work is warmly approved by the Bishop of Bedford, the Earl of Shaftesbury, Alderman De Keyser, and Alderman McArthur. Contributions may be sent to Mr. Edward Blair, treasurer, Fretherne House, 29, York-place, W.; the National Bank (marked "Seaside Home Account") 158, High-street, Notting-hill; or to Mr. Aulay Macaulay, hon. sec., Latimer-road Mission, Blechynden-street, Notting-hill, W.

Sir Richard Wallace, M.P., having sold his Suffolk estate, has resigned the high stewardship of Ipswich.

Mr. William Bull's rare and beautiful orchids are now in blossom, and may be viewed at 536, King's-road, Chelsea, from ten to five o'clock, every Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday, until July 31.

OBITUARY.

LORD RAGLAN.

The Right Hon. Richard Henry Fitzroy Somerset, second Lord Raglan, of Raglan, in the county of Monmouth, J.P. and D.L., died on the 3rd inst. He was born May 24, 1817, the second son of Field-Marshal Lord Fitzroy Somerset (created Baron Raglan in 1852, and especially distinguished in command of the British Army in the Crimea), by Emily Harriet, his wife, daughter of the Earl of Mornington and niece of the great Duke of Wellington. The nobleman whose death we record was in the Ceylon Civil Service 1841 to 1849, Private Secretary to the King of Hanover 1849 to 1855, and a Lord in Waiting to the Queen 1858 to 1859 and 1866 to 1875. He succeeded his father June 28, 1855, and married twice—first, in 1856, Lady Georgiana Lygon, daughter of the fourth Earl Beauchamp; and secondly, in 1871, Mary Blanche, daughter of Sir Walter and Lady Mary Farquhar. By the former (who died 1865) he leaves four sons—the eldest, George Fitzroy Henry, now third Lord Raglan, born in 1857; and by the latter, an only daughter.

SIR EDWARD CLIVE BAYLEY.

Sir Edward Clive Bayley, K.C.S.I., C.I.E., of The Wilderness, Ascot, died at Wilmington Lodge, Keymer, Sussex, on the 30th ult., aged sixty-two. He was last surviving son of the late Mr. Clive Bayley, of St. Petersburg, received his education at Haileybury, and entered the Bengal Civil Service in 1842. He was called to the Bar in 1857, and became in 1861 Officiating Foreign Secretary, and in 1862 Secretary of the Home Department in India. He was a Member of the Supreme Council of the Governor-General 1873 to 1877, and President in the last-named year. Sir Edward married, March 6, 1850, Emily Anne Theophila, daughter of Sir T. T. Metcalfe, fourth Baronet.

THE PROVOST OF ETON.

The Rev. Charles Old Goodford, D.D., of Chilton Cantelo, Somerset, J.P., Provost of Eton College, died at The Lodge, Eton, on the 9th inst. He was born July 15, 1812, the second son of the late Mr. John Goodford, of Chilton Cantelo, J.P. and D.L., High Sheriff of Somerset in 1816, and Charlotte, his wife, sister of Sir Montague Cholmeley, Bart., M.P. He received his education at Eton, and at King's College, Cambridge, where he graduated in 1836. He took orders in 1843, was for several years Assistant Master of Eton, and held the Head Mastership from 1853 to 1862. In the latter year he succeeded Dr. Hawtrey as Provost. He married, March 28, 1844, Katherine Lucia, daughter of Mr. George Law, and leaves issue. Dr. Goodford edited an edition of Terence.

MR. HENRY BRIGHT.

Mr. Henry Arthur Bright, of Ashfield, near Liverpool, J.P., a gentleman of high literary attainments, died on the 5th inst., aged fifty-four. He was eldest son of Mr. Samuel Bright, of Sandheys, J.P. (of the old Herefordshire family of Bright, of Brockbury), by Elizabeth Anne, his wife, daughter of Mr. Hugh Jones, of Lark Hill. He graduated at Cambridge, and became a member of the shipping firm, Gibbs, Bright, and Co., but much of his time and thought was devoted to literature. He contributed to the *Quarterly Review* and other leading periodicals, and published two delightful books, "A Year in a Lancashire Garden" and "The English Flower Garden." Mr. Bright married, in 1861, Mary Elizabeth, daughter of Mr. S. H. Thompson, of Thingwall Hall, and leaves issue.

We have also to record the deaths of—

The Rev. Arthur Edward Robinson, M.A., Rector of Wootton, near Woodstock, late Fellow of New College, Oxford.

The Rev. Francis Garden, Sub-Dean of the Chapels Royal, on the 11th inst., at his residence in Victoria-street.

Comte de Preston (Philip Frederick), grandson of Jenico, tenth Viscount Gormanston, at his Château of Shonbeck, near Liège, Belgium, at a very advanced age.

Lieut.-Col. James Hay Campbell, late 71st Highland Light Infantry, on the 3rd inst., at Barrie, Ontario, youngest son of the late Mr. James Campbell, of Craigie, Ayrshire.

Captain William B. Pauli, retired Commander R.N., and H.B.M. Consul at Buenos Ayres, on the 28th ult., aged fifty-three. He served as a naval officer in the Crimea and China.

The Hon. William Henry Yelverton, of Whilland Abbey, Carmarthenshire, second son of William Charles, second Viscount Avonmore, on the 28th ult., aged ninety-three.

Lady Ramsay Macdonald, widow of Captain Donald Macdonald, R.E., of Sandside, county Caithness, and sister of Fox, eleventh Earl of Dalhousie, K.T., on the 30th ult.

Lady Lucy Calvert, wife of Mr. Frederick Calvert, Q.C. (brother of Sir Harry Verney, Bart.), and eldest daughter of Edward, second Earl of Powis, K.G., in her sixty-fifth year.

Mr. John Haslem, who, thirty or forty years ago, was famous as a painter of enamel miniatures, at Derby, on the 30th ult., aged seventy-six.

Colonel Henry John F. E. Hickes, Royal Horse Artillery, whose sudden death while on his wedding tour is announced, served in the Crimea, was a Knight of the Legion of Honour, and had the Turkish medal; and was in the China campaign.

Dr. Andrew Whyte Barclay, F.R.C.P., consulting physician to St. George's Hospital, and late president of the Royal Medical and Chirurgical Society, aged sixty-eight. He was the author of several medical works of repute.

Margaret Maria, Lady Peek, wife of Sir Henry William Peek, Bart., of Rousdon, Devon, M.P. for Mid-Surrey, and second daughter of Mr. William Edgar, of Eagle House, Clapham-common, on the 2nd inst., at Wimbledon House.

Louisa Blake, wife of Lieut.-Colonel Maurice Hartland Mahon, formerly 9th Lancers, recently. She was eldest daughter of the late Captain Richard Edwards Bourne, R.N., and of his wife, Louisa Helena, who was only sister of Joseph Henry, second Lord Wallscourt.

Lieutenant-Colonel James Henry Wyatt, C.B., of Bryn Gwynant, Carnarvonshire, J.P., on the 26th ult., aged fifty-eight; eldest son of Mr. James Wyatt, F.G.S., J.P. and D.L. He was formerly in 79th Highlanders, served in the Indian Mutiny Campaign, and commanded military train.

Mr. Charles Spencer Scrase-Dickins, of Coolhurst, Sussex, J.P. and D.L., eldest son of the late Mr. Charles Scrase-Dickins, of Coolhurst, High Sheriff of Sussex 1860, and of Lady Frances Elizabeth Compton, his wife, daughter of Charles, Marquis of Northampton, at Cannes, aged fifty-four.

Dr. William Fairlie Clarke, F.R.C.S., of Southborough, Tunbridge Wells, aged fifty. Dr. Clarke became a Fellow of the Royal College of Surgeons in 1863. He was a Fellow of the Royal Medical and Chirurgical Society, a member of the Pathological Society, and late Assistant-Surgeon at Charing-cross Hospital.

CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All communications relating to this department of the Paper should be addressed to the Editor, and have the word "Chess" written on the envelope.

F H (Munich).—Thanks for your letter, but no apology was or is necessary. You shall have a report on the problem as amended in the course of a week or two.

H M (P).—The number is not at hand to refer to, but we shall endeavour to answer your question next week.

T W (Finsbury).—Much too simple in theme for our solvers.

H W S (Stourbridge).—Our Indian friend would recognise his "thunder" in your problem.

J K (South Hampstead).—In describing the solution of a problem you should record White's attack and Black's best defence.

W S N (Bray).—We do not remember the position precisely, but with the key move 1. P B 6th, you should have no difficulty in working out the simple variations of a simple problem.

E N (Romford).—Your question cannot be answered without reference to the file.

E K (Folkestone).—No hard and fast rule can be laid down prohibiting checks or captures on the first move of the solution of a problem. Each case must be judged on its merits. The principal objection to such openings is that, especially in unskilful hands, they are much too obviously necessary to the solution.

GALIRAD (Northampton).—No. 266 cannot be solved by way of 1. Kt to Q B 3rd.

A S H (Brixton).—Your best course is to apply to our publisher for a copy of the number containing a portrait and memoir of the late Mr. Staunton. We believe the date is July 6, 1878.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 2680 received from John Flaxman (Warnambool, Victoria); of No. 2683 from the Rev. J Gaskin (Reims) and Pilgrim; of No. 2688 from C H de Groot Junior (Leipsic), Shadforth, E E H, W Kirby, G M Webber, Pilgrim, and F and G Howitt (Norwich); of No. 2692 from S Meymott, J A B, John Pritchard, J T W, H J Tripp, H de Groot (Groningen), Henry Bristow, Arthur J Giles, W Kirby, G M Webber, Pilgrim, J Shearer, Park Villas, Queen of Connaught, G M (H.M.S. Téméraire), Henry Schlu (Vienna), and J M Rattray.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 2691 received from H B W Hillier, Joseph Ainsworth, C Hofstede de Groot (Groningen), T H Holden, T Gaffikin Junior (Belfast), F Ferris, J A B, G W Law, George Jobey, H K Awdry, Shadforth, R T Kemp, J T W, Hereward, R J Vines, H H Noyes, T Brandreth, E Louden, L L Greenaway, J L Cooke, James Pilkington, J Ainsworth, G Seymour, Otto Fulder (Ghent), A M Porter, F G Parsloe, J Shearer, E E H, Jumbo, A Brain, A Karlberg (Hamburg), E Kirwan, Aaron Harper, L Sharpe, Ernest Sharpe, Ben Nevis, A W Scrutton, A Wigmore, W Dewse, Alpha, R Pegnero, Carl Friedleben, H Reeve, D W Kell, Rev. W Anderson, F and G Howitt (Norwich), Thomas Waters, G S Oldfield, Jupiter Junior, C Darragh, J K (South Hampstead), Dr F St, H Wardell, R L Southwell, J Hall, N S Harris, C W Milsom, H H Brooks, Pilgrim, G W Law, Kitten, M O'Halloran, L Falcon (Antwerp), A M Collorne, Captain Baldock, Alfred de Rodas (Brighton), and E Casella (Paris).

NOTE.—Correspondents will please note that this problem cannot be solved by way of 1. P to K B 4th. Only solutions received up to the 8th inst. are acknowledged above.

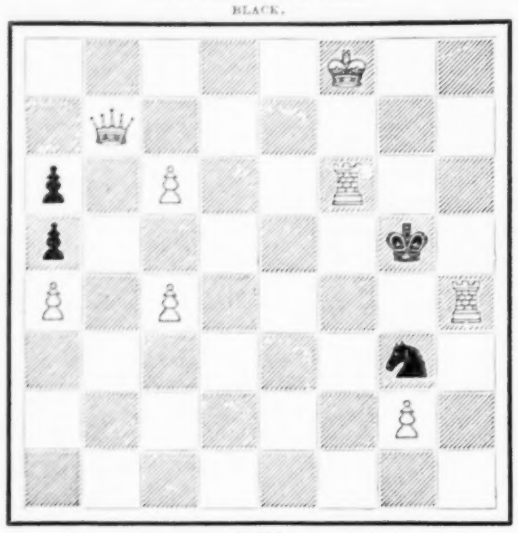
SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 2692.

WHITE.	BLACK.
1. Kt to B 4th	Any move.
2. Mates accordingly.	

PROBLEM No. 2695.

By G. CHOCOLOUSH, of Prague.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in three moves.

Played a few months ago at the Manhattan Chess Club, New York, Captain MACKENZIE yielding the odds of Q R to an AMATEUR.

(*Remove White's Q R from the board.—Evans' Gambit.*)

WHITE (Captain M.)	BLACK (Amateur).	WHITE (Captain M.)	BLACK (Amateur).
1. P to K 4th	P to K 4th	16. P takes Kt	Kt to K 2nd
2. Kt to K B 3rd	Kt to Q B 3rd	17. Q to R 5th	Kt to B 4th
3. B to B 4th	B to B 4th	18. R to K sq	Q to B 3rd
4. P to Q Kt 4th	B takes P	19. R to K 8th (ch)	
5. P to Q B 3rd	B to B 4th	The forced mate which follows is very neat.	
6. Castles	P to Q 3rd		
7. P to Q 4th	P takes P	19.	K to R 2nd
8. P takes P	B to Kt 3rd	20. B to Kt 8th (ch)	K to R sq
9. Kt to Q B 3rd	K Kt to K 2nd	21. B to K 6th (dis. ch)	K to R 2nd
Black is not familiar with the openings, else he would have played here 9. Kt to Q R 4th.		22. R to R 8th (ch)	K takes R
		23. Q to K 8th (ch)	K to R 2nd
10. Kt to K Kt 5th	Castles	24. B to Kt 8th (ch)	K to R sq
11. Q to R 5th	P to K R 3rd	25. B to B 7th (dis. ch)	K to R 2nd
12. Kt takes K B P	R takes Kt	26. Q to Kt 8th.	
13. B takes R (ch)	K to R 2nd	Check-mate.	
14. Kt to Q 5th	Kt takes Kt		
15. Q to Kt 6th (ch)	K to R sq		

On Wednesday, the 7th inst., there was a very interesting meeting of chessplayers at the St. George's Club, Albemarle-street, to witness a match between ten members of that Club and the same number of picked representatives of the Bristol and Clifton Association. The players were paired according to their known or reputed strength, each pair to play two games, play commencing at two o'clock in the afternoon and no game to be begun after five. A time limit of one hour to each player for twenty moves was agreed to, and drawn games counted half a point to each side. In the result the match was won by the London club, with a score of six games to five and three games drawn. The following table shows the pairing of the players and their respective scores:—

BRISTOL.	Won.	Dr.	ST. GEORGE'S.	Won.	Dr.
E. Thorold	1	0	Dr. Ballard	1	0
C Boorne	1	0	Gover	1	0
W. Berry	0	0	Warner	1	0
D. T. Mills	1	0	F. H. Lewis	0	0
E. G. Clarke	0	0	Rev. L. Lewis	1	0
A. T. Perry	0	1	J. I. Minchin	1	1
Rev. N. Tibbits	1	0	Puller	0	0
L. J. Williams	1	0	Salter	0	0
T. H. D. May	0	1	Gattie	0	1
N. Fedden	0	1	Rev. W. Wayte	1	1
Total	5	3	Total	6	3

The survivors for the final round in the Liverpool silver cup competition are Messrs. A. Burn and G. Ferguson. A match, in which the first who scores two games is to be the victor, will decide which of these two gentlemen gains the prize.

The Ipswich Chess Club meets every night at the Mechanics' Institution and visitors will be cordially welcomed. Mr. J. E. Curtis, the honorary secretary of the club, informs us that in the match against Cambridge University, this season, Ipswich lost by one game only.

The announcement of the death of Mr. Judah Philip Benjamin, the eminent Queen's Counsel, will be heard with regret by old members of the Westminster Chess Club, of which association he became a member on his arrival in England at the close of the American Civil War. Mr. Benjamin was an uncle (by marriage) of Paul Morphy, and was himself a skilful chessplayer. He visited the Criterion on several occasions last year during the progress of the International tournament held there, and evinced the liveliest interest in the proceedings.

Sir W. M'Arthur, M.P., presided on the 9th inst. at Exeter Hall over the annual meeting of the Religious Tract Society. According to the report, the issues of works from the dépôt for the year was 76,721,360, including 30,000,000 tracts; 707 new works had been among the publications. The year's trade receipts were £189,631, an increase over 1882 of £9971.

MR. HENRY IRVING IN AMERICA.

The welcome return to England of Mr. Henry Irving and Miss Ellen Terry, from their victorious campaign in the United States, is opportunely signalised by the publication of two very entertaining volumes, which Mr. Joseph Hatton, their travelling companion, has been compiling and getting printed in time for us to receive them from Messrs. Sampson Low and Co., on Saturday last. They are entitled "Henry Irving's Impressions of America"; but we observe that half, at least, of their contents are made up of America's impressions of Henry Irving and Miss Ellen Terry. This portion of the book is equally gratifying to British readers, who take much pride and pleasure in the merited high reputation of our accomplished master and mistress of the noble art of dramatic impersonation, and creditable to the good taste and critical judgment of American theatrical audiences, and of the Transatlantic literary and social world. On the other hand, as we always wish to think favourably of that great nation of the English race, of their manners, institutions, public and private life, of their character, sentiments, ideas, and all their concerns present and future, it is satisfactory to find Mr. Henry Irving so well pleased with all that he saw and heard amongst them. Mr. Hatton, his literary ally, whose shrewdness as an observer of men and cities has been proved on former occasions, contributes plenty of lively descriptive and narrative incidents, for the most part friendly and agreeable, which have an interest beyond that of the personal experiences of the Lyceum Company there. But these experiences make very tolerable light reading, being told without reserve in a spirit of frank and jovial good-fellowship, an enjoying, sociable, mutually diverting spirit, with a keen perception of the humorous, quaint, and comical aspects of their situation as favourite guests in a country which is but half-foreign and half-homely to English visitors coming with the best credentials, and fully deserving, in every respect, the hearty reception they everywhere met.

The travelling party, without reckoning the rank and file of the Lyceum company who attended their illustrious chief's conquering progress, consisted of Mr. Irving, Miss Terry, and Mr. Bram Stoker, the acting manager of the Lyceum, who crossed the Atlantic together, landing at New York on Oct. 21, Mr. Hatton, who, with his wife and two daughters, was there before them, Mr. Henry Howe, Mr. Terriss, and others from London; Mr. Abbey, of New York, who conducted the business of the tour in America, and his deputy, Mr. Copleston, with Mr. Loveday, Irving's able stage manager, in charge of theatrical arrangements. They were met on the steamer by Mr. Laurence Barrett and Mr. William Florence, two popular actors of New York, who introduced them to the genial hospitalities of that city, and they "had a good time" among the Americans wherever they went. Leaving New York towards the end of November, they visited Philadelphia, where "Hamlet" was played with great success, and thence repaired to Boston, presenting there both "Hamlet" and "The Merchant of Venice," as well as "The Bells," "The Lyons Mail," "Charles I.," and other pieces in which Mr. Irving has won general applause. "Louis XI." had been played at New York. The reports of private conversations with Mr. Irving upon his conceptions of the most striking dramatic characters he has achieved will be perused with much interest; he is so thoughtful, so earnest, and such a conscientious student of the principles of his art, that all his opinions concerning it are worthy of serious attention. Baltimore, Chicago, St. Louis, and Cincinnati were visited after Christmas; there was an excursion to Niagara and Toronto, where the Canadians were equally kind; and then, returning to the States, our friends saw Washington, the noble Federal capital, were introduced to the President, and finished, after a second visit to Philadelphia, and a short tour in New England, with some closing performances at Brooklyn and New York. "Much Ado About Nothing" was there represented in the magnificent Lyceum style, with the full scenery brought from London. Not the least acceptable part of these volumes consists of the valuable critical essays which appeared in the best American journals upon the Shakspearean characters impersonated by Mr. Irving and Miss Terry, which are appreciated most correctly by the educated literary men of that country. The bustle and fuss of repeated social festive receptions, in so many towns, becomes rather fatiguing to peruse; and some of the comic stories, though amusing in their way, are not in very good taste. But Mr. Hatton has compiled a series of diverting chapters of varied matter, for which many readers will be disposed to thank him, and which will serve for a memorial of a very pleasant affair.

It has been decided by the committee of the British and Foreign Bible Society to issue during the present year a New Testament, to be sold at the price of one penny, legibly printed and of as good a material as it is possible to supply at that low figure.

The Marquis of Londonderry, Vice-Commodore, presided last Saturday at the annual meeting of the Royal Yacht Squadron, held in Willis's Rooms. Several new members were elected, as well as a number of honorary members. The annual regatta is to be held at Cowes in August.

The Duke of Manchester has notified to the tenants of his English estates that, owing to the unfavourable seasons and the low price of corn, he has decided to make a permanent reduction of 15 per cent on the rental of the arable land on his estates. This is in addition to a permanent reduction of 10 per cent made in 1879. Temporary abatements, varying from 10 to 20 per cent, have been made for the last five years.

On the 9th inst. the General Hospital at Peterborough, a building of five stories, was partially destroyed by fire. The inmates were got out of the burning building without mishap, the work of rescue being carried out with care as well as with expedition. They were conveyed in cabs to the Vicarage and to a large empty house placed at their disposal by the Dean and Chapter.

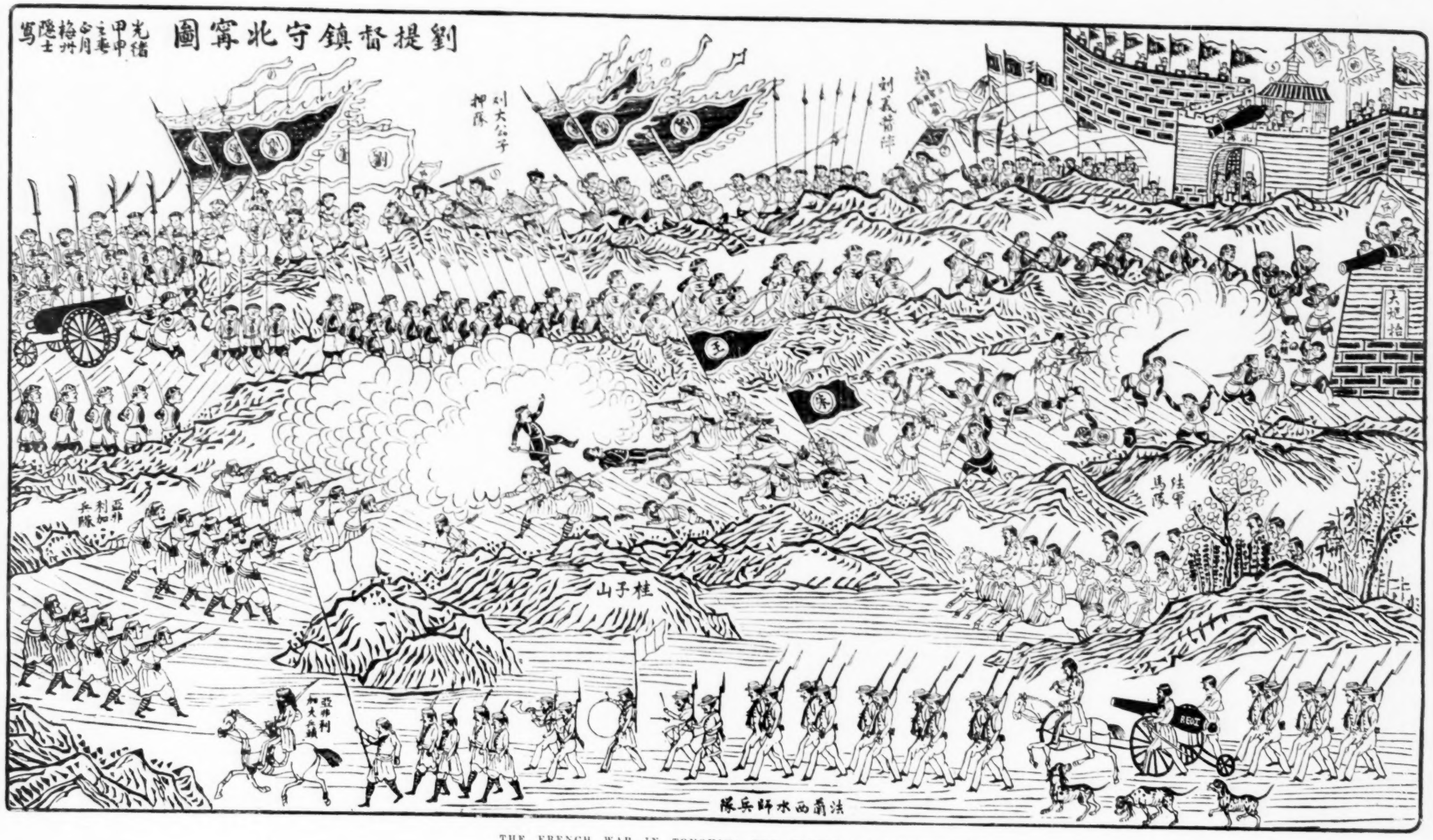
Sir J. M'Garel-Hogg, Chairman of the Metropolitan Board of Works, gave his annual dinner to the members of the board at Willis's Rooms last Saturday evening. The German Ambassador, the Minister for the Netherlands, the Duke of Cambridge, the Duke of Grafton, the Marquis of Londonderry, and other peers; Mr. Shaw Lefevre, Mr. Osborne Morgan, and many other M.P.'s, and the Lord Mayor and the Sheriffs, were guests.

The annual meeting of the Congregational Union, of which Dr. Joseph Parker is chairman for the present year, has been held this week. The first meeting was held in the Memorial Hall, Farringdon-street, on Monday evening, when the annual report and accounts were submitted, honorary members appointed, and various matters of official routine discussed. It was stated in the report that towards the Jubilee Fund the amount promised up to last autumn was £279,979. Since that time there had been received £25,694, making a total to March 31 of £305,674. This amount included £18,370 by the Welsh Congregational churches. The Rev. Dr. Rees was elected to the Presidency. On Tuesday the assembly met in the City Temple, when, after a devotional service, the chairman's address was delivered. Friday's meeting in the Memorial Hall concludes the annual series of gatherings.

OPENING OF THE INTERNATIONAL HEALTH EXHIBITION: PROCESSION PASSING THROUGH THE OLD LONDON STREET.

The opening of this Exhibition, in the Gardens of the Horticultural Society at South Kensington, occupying the same ground and partly the same buildings as the International Fisheries Exhibition of last year, took place on Thursday week. His Royal Highness the Duke of Cambridge, in the absence of the Prince of Wales, performed the leading part of the ceremonial; and the Prime Minister, the Home Secretary, the President and Vice-President of the Committee of Council on Education, and the President of the Local Government Board, with other high official personages, foreign Ambassadors, the Lord Mayor and Sheriffs of London, and other gentlemen of distinction, accompanied by many ladies, were among the company assembled. They were received by the members of the Executive and General Council, foreign commissioners, and others having official connection with the Exhibition, the Duke of Buckingham and Chandos, G.C.S.I., chairman, and Sir James Paget, F.R.S., vice-chairman of the Executive Council, the Marquis of Hamilton, Mr. Birkbeck, M.P., Sir P. Cunliffe-Owen, Sir Frederick Abel, Sir Joseph Fayrer, Captain Douglas Galton, Mr. Samuel Morley, M.P., Mr. Ernest Hart, Mr. Edward Cunliffe-Owen, secretary to the Council, Mr. H. Trueman Wood, one of the secretaries to the Jury Commission, Mr. J. R. Somers Vine, honorary secretary to the City of London Sub-Committee, and Mr. W. Oldham Chambers, secretary to the National Fish Culture Association.

The Duke of Cambridge arrived punctually at noon, and a procession was formed, with which his Royal Highness passed along the south gallery to the end, examining on his way the stands of many of the exhibitors and entering the dairies. Then, returning through the picturesque rows of houses representing a street in Old London, he went to the Prince of Wales's pavilion, and thence to the building in which the display of the metropolitan water companies is set out, reaching the north gallery through the court which was last year allotted to Norway. The long promenade gallery, in which the opening ceremony took place, was filled from end to end with visitors, the Royal dais being placed midway in its length. The Duke of Buckingham, having first read a telegram from the Prince of Wales in Germany, wishing success to the Exhibition and regretting his unavoidable absence, proceeded with a written address to the Duke of Cambridge, setting forth the objects and plan of this Exhibition, which his Royal Highness was invited to open. The reply was equally appropriate to the subject, and clearly expressed, and was delivered by the Duke of Cambridge with cordial goodwill. A copy of the Exhibition Catalogue, handsomely bound, was presented to his Royal Highness by Mr. Trendell, superintendent of the literary department. The procession was again formed, and his Royal Highness passed along the gallery to the westward; and, after visiting the historical and military dress collection in the west quadrant,



THE FRENCH WAR IN TONQUIN: THE BATTLE OF BACNINH.

FACSIMILE OF A DRAWING BY A CHINESE ARTIST.

went to the aquarium, and by the building where machinery in motion is shown to the Belgian annexe, where the foreign commissioners were presented. As soon as the Duke of Cambridge had left the building the whole of the courts and galleries were thrown open to the public.

In the evening the exhibition, with the exception of the long south gallery and two or three courts in which the lighting arrangements are not yet completed, was lighted by electricity, the lamps in most cases burning steadily. The grounds and fountains were prettily illuminated with coloured oil-lamps and Chinese lanterns. A military band played in the Conservatory, and in the Albert Hall a concert was given in which Madame Patey, Miss Ambler, Mr. Vernon Rigby, and Signor Foli took part. Instrumental music was played by the combined bands of the Grenadier and Coldstream Guards.

The number of visitors on the opening day exceeded fourteen thousand, and has since been daily increasing, favoured by the fine weather. The gardens are very pleasant, the grass-plots and the paths being in good order, the paintings and decorations of the various sheds and buildings adding, with the flowers, a good deal of colour to the scene. On Friday night a portion of the electric lighting was in service. The Hammond Company had the whole length of the western corridor lighted with bright arc lights, and also illuminated the west quadrant, showing off the interesting series of historical costumes, which will be one of the most popular features of the Exhibition. The entrance vestibule and the dining-rooms were lighted by incandescents by the Edison-Swan United Company; and the great south gallery by Siemens, with a thousand Swan incandescents. The last year's fish market, now a dining-room on the Duval system, with its maid-servants in blue serge dresses and white aprons, presented a very inviting scene. The Central Gallery, formerly the Newfoundland Court, was again lighted by the Jablochkoff Company, the lights being now shaded by the Trotter prismatic lamp-glasses. The gardens were exceedingly beautiful, with the soft light of the moon and the glitter of hundreds of Venetian lamps and Chinese lanterns. The windows of the corridors are arched externally with little yellow lights, which give relief to the bluish glare seen through the windows from the electric arcs within. The reflection of the various coloured tiny Vauxhall lamps in the water pools and basins, the wreaths of similar coloured lights around the pedestal of the Albert Statue, and the occasional gleams of the strong electric lights between the trees, contrasting with their deep shadows, all had a charming effect. Two military bands added excellent music to the other outdoor attractions. This lighting and music will be continued every night.

We reserve further description of the Exhibition and its contents, which are both interesting and instructive, to be given at a later stage of its progress.

MEMOIRS OF PRINCESS ALICE.

"Alice, Grand Duchess of Hesse, Princess of Great Britain and Ireland: Biographical Sketch and Letters." Under this title, Mr. Murray has published a volume of some four hundred pages, with a preface written by her Royal Highness Princess Helena (Princess Christian of Schleswig-Holstein). Its contents must be deeply interesting to all who extend to the Royal Family a due share of their sympathy and regard for pure domestic affections, for the virtues as well of private as of public life, and for a bright example of the sweetest graces of womanhood, not the less engaging when shown in the character of an English lady of the most illustrious birth and rank.

The Queen's subjects and many of foreign nations have learned by testimonies and examples beyond all chance of flattery, in the presence of repeated sad bereavements, and of personal trials which were necessarily exposed to the searching gaze of publicity, how truly worthy of esteem, how sincere, unaffected, and amiable have been the mutual relations of the members of that exalted Family. Nothing has ever been concealed or dissembled; and there is no passage of their domestic history which does not shine in the clear daylight of acknowledged truth, without any shade of that kind of reservation which too frequently, in other families, noble, gentle, or simple, attends the painful consciousness of faults on the part of those endeared by kindred. Of that which is positively good, and even admirable, in the disposition and conduct of several of their Royal Highnesses, we have had ample proof, but especially with regard to those whom an early death has removed from this world. Our Queen has such a genuine sense of truthfulness and sincerity, that nobody would dare attempt to please her by false praises of those nearest and dearest to her person. Integrity of purpose may therefore be relied upon in the authors and compilers of books appearing with her presumed sanction upon a topic of this nature. The present English edition of these Memoirs of Princess Alice, being produced under the superintendence of another of her Majesty's daughters, whose own contribution to the volume is a simple and touching expression of sisterly love, bears the stamp of authenticity and the assurance of entire truth, in a very impressive manner. The German author of the biographical narrative, Dr. Sell, a clergyman of Darmstadt, was assisted by the Grand Duke of Hesse, and was furnished by her Majesty with extracts from the English letters of the Grand Duchess, which have been interwoven with his account of the incidents of her married life; "and I am sure," observes Princess Helena, "that all who read them will feel thankful to my Mother for thus granting them a closer insight into my dear sister's beautiful and unselfish life."

"Childhood and Girlhood," a phrase of her own, is the title of the first chapter, of scarce twenty pages, relating the English home life of Princess Alice, "as she is ever called in England," from her birth, on April 25, 1843, to her wedding, at Osborne, on July 1, 1862. "Alice Maud Mary," with her three sweet English names, the choice of which is partly explained, was a charming little person on her fourth birthday; only "*too* pretty, in her low frock and pearl necklace, tripping about and blushing and smiling at her honours." Papa said, of course, that she was the "beauty of the family," and Mamma, of course, said she was "a very vain little person." Her most valued birthday present was a pet lamb, a real live lamb, called Milly, all over pink ribbons and bells. We want Mr. Millais, R.A., to paint us a picture of the child coaxing this shy animal to like her, holding him fast and kissing his nose, and imploring him, "in her sweetest tones," not to run away from her. As she grew up, healthy, cheerful, and merry, delighting in fearless play with the boys, in gymnastics, riding and skating, and wishing to be tall, there was great promise of a vigorous life. She had a decided talent for drawing, says her eldest sister, the Crown Princess of Germany, and did her lessons in foreign languages and her music; but she was not precociously intellectual. As a reciter of poetry and actress in little private theatricals, her performances were remarkable, from "Red Riding-hood," and a personification of "Spring," to the "Athalie" of Racine. But she was fond of fun, and a little of mischief, with a great vein of humour, and "sharpness in criticising people," as a girl who had not yet learnt wisdom. After the marriage of the Princess Royal, Alice, being the eldest daughter at home, became more serious, and the Queen said of her, "She is a real comfort to me." But in November, 1860, Prince Louis of Hesse was a visitor at Windsor, and was accepted as a suitor for the hand of her Royal Highness. The engagement had the warm approval of her father, and was the subject of a Message to Parliament, with a view to a pecuniary provision, in the following year. The illness and death of the Prince Consort, which intervened before the marriage, had a remarkable effect on the character of Princess Alice. "The gay, bright girl seemed all at once to have changed into the thoughtful woman"—"a wise, far-seeing woman," says another witness, "living only for others," and showing an earnest devotion to work and duty, and a practical sagacity, which she continued to apply to the objects, more especially, that had chiefly occupied her father's attention.

The second portion of her biography, from 1862 to 1865, shows the situation and demeanour of the young married Princess "in her New Home." It is chiefly made up of the letters to her mother, with a few brief introductory notices of events. At the little Grand Ducal Court of Darmstadt, Prince Louis, nephew of the reigning Sovereign, his father being also then living, quietly resided and performed his military and other duties, while his English wife became the friend of all Hessian people, high and low. In her earlier letters to the Queen, who was then suffering much from despondency under the crushing sense of her great recent loss, much is said of the lamented Prince Consort, and every consoling or soothing suggestion that was possible is offered by the affectionate daughter to her widowed parent. In April, 1863, the Princess, then at Windsor, gave birth to her first child, Victoria, who was married to Prince Louis of Battenberg two or three weeks ago. The second child, Elizabeth, was born in November, 1864. There were long visits to England, short excursions to different cities and palaces in Germany, and much social intercourse with the princely families of Europe. All this, with the anecdotes of local and domestic experience, is tolerably interesting; but the more important period of the life of Princess Louis of Hesse began with the year 1866, which opened a new era for the Protestant States of Germany, or rather for those attached to the Prussian line of national policy, marked by the great conflict with Austria, consequent upon the Schleswig-Holstein war and annexation, but only terminated by the tremendous war between Germany and France, and finally by the construction of the present German Empire.

The section of this book entitled "At Home and at Work, 1866 to 1872," comprises a series of letters, written at intervals of three or four days, in which a thoughtful, conscientious, and extremely well-informed English Princess, the wife of a German Prince engaged in the military service of his country, comments upon all that was going on, certainly from the Prusso-German point of view, but with the feelings of a woman born and brought up in our land of peace and freedom. Her position was not so clear amidst the first events of the period, at the breaking up of the old Federal Bund, in 1866, by the arms of Prussia, seeing that the small Hessian force, in which Prince Louis commanded the cavalry brigade, was engaged on the side of the Bund against Prussia. Her third child, named Irene, was born amidst these troubles of civil war. Two months afterwards, when the defeat of Austria had been followed by the submission of the minor German States, Prince Louis frankly acquiesced in the new order of affairs, and loyally did his part in the military subordination of Hesse to the supreme Prussian command. The Princess seems to have been very anxious in 1867 about the prospect of war between Germany and France. She began early to provide, as a woman best could, ways and means of alleviating the horrors of war by the establishment of a great institution for nursing the sick and wounded. The Frauen-Verein, or Ladies' Union, with its central committee at Darmstadt, extended all over Germany, and numbered 2500 members. It was of the greatest service in the war of 1870 and 1871, when the Princess exerted herself to the utmost, during eight or nine months while her husband was with the army in France, and she then received at the Darmstadt military hospitals large numbers of suffering patients from the front, besides sending aid to those in the field. All these particulars have a degree of historical interest, while they show the admirable spirit of public duty, the active compassion, the great industry and ability of her Royal Highness in organising and conducting, with very little assistance, the details of such administration. She also established a benevolent association for the industrial employment of women, and orphan schools, which have been attended with much success.

We need not here quote the letters of the Princess written in those eventful years, because the better part of them are not entirely new to the public. They were in English, being addressed to her mother, but when the German translation of them came out, several months ago, much was re-translated into English, though not into her own words, for some of the London papers. It is far more agreeable and satisfactory, of course, to get them now exactly as she wrote them, in the unstudied language of an artless and affectionate woman using her mother-tongue, and freely expressing the warmest feelings of her heart. Many delightful traits of personal character, homely tokens of endearment, symptoms of the purest filial love, praises of her husband, of her brothers, the Prince of Wales, the Duke of Connaught, and Prince Leopold, and of her sisters-in-law, the Princess of Wales and the Duchess of Edinburgh, with many charming anecdotes of her little children, will be found in this volume. It proceeds to relate a succession of domestic "Trials," the worst being the death of her little boy "Frittie," by falling out of a window. Last comes "The End," that painful history of the sudden visitation of an infectious disease which attacked the whole of the estimable and happy family at Darmstadt, in November, 1878, carried off the youngest little girl, "May" or "Sunny," endangered the life of the husband and father (who had recently become Grand Duke of Hesse), and finally removed from this world, on Dec. 14, the beloved Grand Duchess, the exemplary daughter, sister, wife, and mother; our English Princess Alice, whose memory will long be held dear both in England and in Germany—

> A perfect woman, nobly planned
> To guide, to comfort, to command;
> And yet a spirit still, and bright
> With something of an angel's light.

THE BATTLE OF BACNINH.

The news received this week of a pacific termination of the dispute between France and China, relative to the French occupation of Annam and Tonquin, is satisfactory inasmuch as it puts an end to the recent anxieties and apprehensions of an interruption of the Chinese trade. But it remains to be seen whether the territorial acquisitions, and the establishment of a recognised Protectorate, obtained at such a cost, are worth the price that has been paid for them, or whether they will not rather entail a heavy burden upon the French nation. It is stipulated, of course, that the Chinese troops, which have been aiding in the resistance of the "Black Flags" to the French arms in Tonquin, shall be entirely withdrawn upon the ratification of this treaty, and no indemnity for the expenses of the war is demanded from China. The new frontier between Tonquin and China is to be drawn along the foot of the mountains, from Lang-son and Cao-bang to Lao-kai, which last-named town is on the Song-ka or Red River, where it descends from the Chinese province of Yunnan. The French remain in possession of the whole lower course of that great river in Tonquin, with its tributaries and outlets, and they acquire treaty rights of commerce with the neighbouring provinces of China. It will be recollected that the late Tonquin war was virtually ended by the capture of Bacninh, a fortified town situated in an important military position, which was occupied by a Chinese garrison, twenty miles north of the capital city, Hanoi, and on the road to the Chinese frontier, about eighty miles distant. It was on March 11 that the French army, marching upon Bacninh in two separate divisions, commanded respectively by General Négrier and General Millot, effectually surrounded the town on three sides, the west side being on the river, and approached by French gun-boats. There was some fighting, in which the French had seventy men wounded but few killed, while the Chinese suffered heavy loss, and were soon forced to abandon their positions, hastily leaving Bacninh by the northern road. A Chinese Special Artist, who was with the retreating garrison, has made a series of rather curious drawings, which have been engraved and published in China, as a sort of *Chinese Illustrated News*, and a copy of which, sold at Shanghai, was recently bought and sent to us by an obliging correspondent, Mr. A. Forbes Angus, of Foochow. We present a facsimile of the drawing which represents what may be called "the Battle of Bacninh."

After a long discussion, at a gathering of delegates from vestries and other local bodies convened by the Metropolitan Board of Works, a resolution condemning the main principles of the London Government Bill was carried by a large majority.

The Hon. Stewart Gathorne Hardy (Conservative) was nominated at the Townhall, Maidstone, on Wednesday for the vacancy occasioned by the retirement through illness of Sir Edmund Filmer. There being no other nomination Mr. Hardy was declared duly elected.

In the presence of a large congregation, comprising many of the leading representatives of the Roman Catholic aristocracy of England and several Irish members of Parliament, a new Roman Catholic church was opened on Wednesday in the King's-road, Fulham Old Town. Cardinal Manning officiated.

The two hundred and thirtieth anniversary festival of the Corporation of the Sons of the Clergy was celebrated under the dome of St. Paul's Cathedral on Wednesday afternoon. The service was full choral, the choir numbering three hundred voices, accompanied by an orchestra of brass, reed, and stringed instruments, with drums. Handel's "Dettingen Te Deum" was sung for the anthem.

THE SHAKSPEAREAN SHOW.

Under the vague heading, "In the Season of '84," announcements have been made, during the past two months, of an event which is to take place in the Royal Albert Hall. The General Council have now perfected their plans, and issued a description of this charitable fête, which will be known as the "Shakspearean Show," and will be held in the Albert Hall during the last three days in May. The object is to pay off a mortgage debt of £5000, which now burdens the Chelsea Hospital for Women; and it will be remembered that it was for this hospital that the original "Olde Englishe Fayre" was held at the Albert Hall in 1881. The Shakspearean Show has received the approval and patronage of the Prince and Princess of Wales, the Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh, the Duke and Duchess of Albany, the Duchess of Cambridge, Princess Frederica of Hanover, and Baron von Pawel Rammingen, the Lord and Lady Mayoress, the wives of the Ambassadors, and a host of the titled aristocracy. There are to be seventeen of Shakspeare's plays illustrated with scenic effects, each with a proscenium of 16 ft. frontage, to form the stalls, at which every variety of article will be sold, and the characters of the play, in true artistic costume, will be represented by many of the ladies who took part in "Ye Olde Englishe Fayre." Several special features in harmony with the character of the show are to be included, such as Shakspearean tableaux, an exhibition of Shakspearean relics, and Shakspearean musical concerts. Mr. F. H. Cowen has undertaken to be the "Musical Showman." The general council are desirous that possessors of Shakspearean relics should communicate with them, and any who may wish to assist the show either with personal help or articles, or the money to buy them with, are to write to Mr. J. S. Wood, at the Hospital in the Fulham-road.

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Open from APRIL to OCTOBER. Science, Industrial Arts, Agriculture, Fine Arts, Souvenirs of the Political Renaissance of Italy, Gallery of Machinery in Motion, International Electrical Section; Entertainments.
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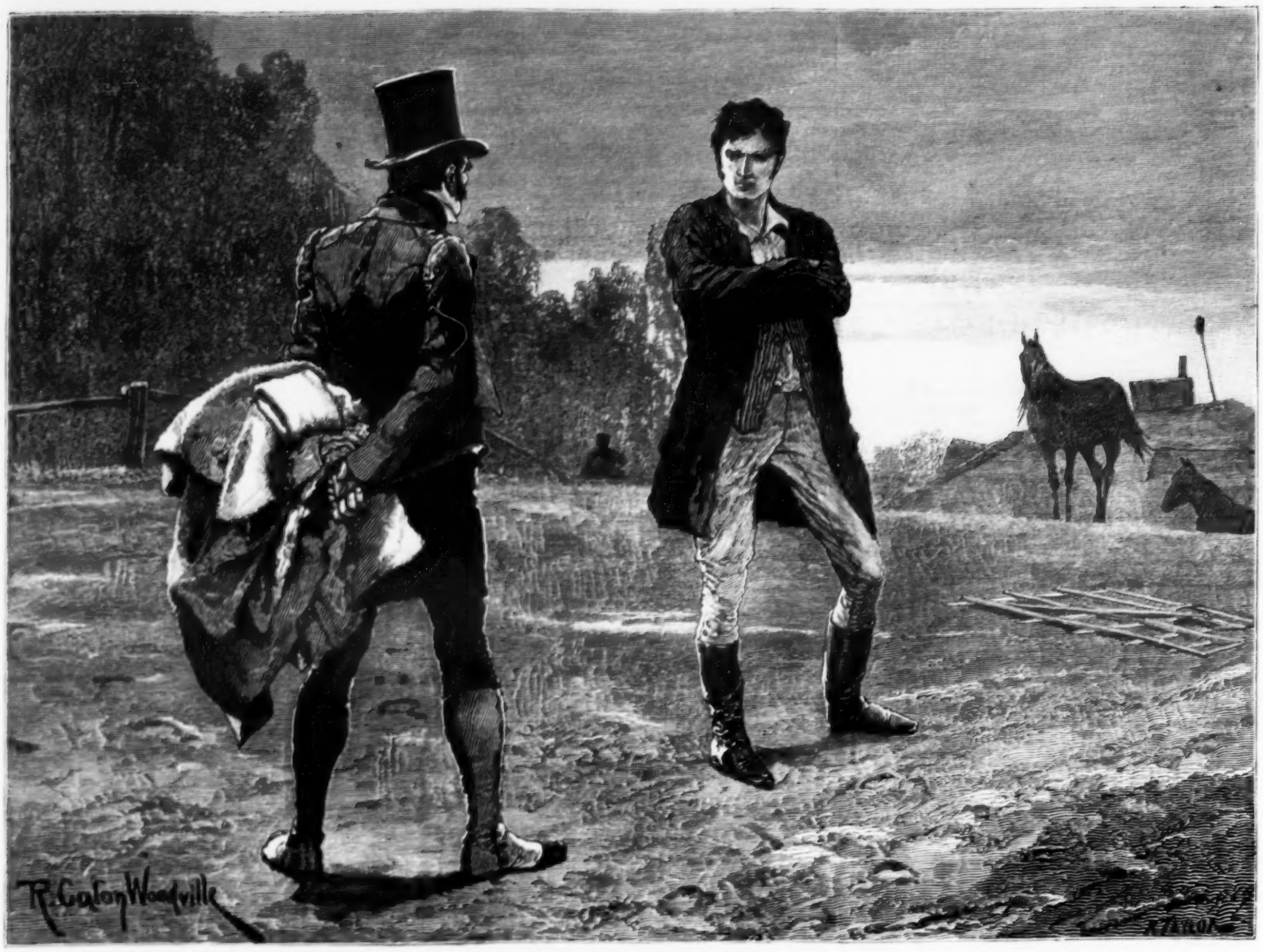


DRAWN BY R. C. WOODVILLE.

"Are you aware you are urging me to commit a great crime!"

BERNA BOYLE.

BY MRS. J. H. RIDDELL,

AUTHOR OF "GEORGE GEITH," "THE SENIOR PARTNER," ETC.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

"DON'T FRET, Miss Berna, dear. It breaks my heart to see you crying that way. The mistress didn't mean to vex you. Half her time I don't believe she knows what she is saying. There's not one in the world she's as fond of as yourself; and she has a good right to be fond. What mother had ever a better child?"

"It is quite true, though, that I ought to have told her long ago, Ruth."

"And what good would telling her have been? She'd never have believed either of us. There is not another on earth could have convinced her she was wrong beside Mr. Muir. It is well she does know at last; for I am satisfied she'll never let young Gorman set foot inside the door again, and that will be all the better, Miss, darling, if you are sure—if you are very sure—you do not want to see him."

"I do not want to see him, Nurse."

"I hope it is so, dear; but my mind misgives me. There is a look in your face lately it hurts me to see. Through all the sorrow and trouble you had to pass through, I never saw anything like it there before. First love, like first grief, is hard to bear."

"I am not in love, Ruth."

"Maybe you're not, Miss Berna; if so, best so. But I'd have you be very certain before you send him away from you for ever. It would be a sore thing for you to find out afterwards you wish you had not."

"I shall never find that."

"I am not so confident. Oh! I wish you could have made up your mind to lay your heart open to Mrs. Vince. She's wise and she's clever."

"And she married a person I would not have married had there not been another man on earth," finished Berna. "How she could do it, I cannot imagine! How such a woman could forget her birth and stoop to such a match passes my comprehension."

"I do not want to cross you, dear; but no matter what you may think of Mr. Vince, he is much thought of and considered. He has got on past the common. I mind his father when he wasn't a bit better off than Peter Docy; and just look at the houses where Mr. Vince visits now. The world is changing very fast, Miss Berna; birth had a long reign of it, but I'm thinking money's the king now."

"Ruth, there is something I wish to say to you—something I must say—as I might to the grave."

"What is it like, my lamb"——

"It is this—it is about my mother. I have always been loyal to her, haven't I? My father was loyal to her. You never heard either of us speak a disrespectful or slighting word about her."

"No; that I never did"——

"And you know I love her."

"Yes, I'm sure you do—if you didn't you could not put up with her."

"Ah! Ruth, do not say that—and yet it is true. I never remember the time when the difference between my parents was not a trouble to me. I felt they could not both be right."

"Don't talk about it, my dear darling, if it hurts you."

"I must talk about it, Ruth. I could not say a word to anyone but you, because you can't help knowing that my poor, poor father threw away his life. You understand what I mean, Nurse. Without blaming my mother, I"——

"Your father married below him, Miss Berna. That is the outfall of the whole matter. I am not going to speak against your mother, who is a kindly woman in her way, though trying. I have eaten her bread and am beholden to her and hers, but she wasn't your father's equal. Old Sam Vince was just a rough sort of man, free and good-natured. Many a sixpence he has given my mother when she needed it, and where would I be now hadn't your mother remembered me. Still, dear, they were none of them the right sort for a Boyle to consort with, and"——

"Ruth," and the girl's fingers clutched her nurse's shoulder, "I can tell you now what I wanted to say. There has been one mistake made in the family—there shall not be another. It is enough that I have often wished to shut my ears and cover my eyes when I have seen and heard my mother doing and saying things I am sure my father's widow ought neither to have done or said."

"Yes, Miss Berna; but what has all this to do with young Mr. Muir?"

"If, with such an experience behind me, I married Gorman Muir, what then?"

"I haven't a notion, dear. Can't you tell me your meaning out—that is, if it won't vex you?"

"No, it does not vex me much—only—Ruth, if I find it hard sometimes to feel ashamed of my own mother, how could I bear being ashamed of my husband's father? I am fond of her, and I am not fond of him. I cannot bear even to look at him. Not a word he speaks but grates upon me. His very voice is an offence."

"Yes; but it is not old Mr. Muir wants you to marry him."

"I should have to associate with all the family, though. And there is another thing, too. Even supposing I liked young Mr. Muir greatly"——

"Which you do," thought Ruth.

"Setting aside all consideration of his relatives, I should be afraid to marry him."

"Why, Miss, dear?"

"Because children do take after their parents, let people say what they choose. They may seem different while they remain young, but as they grow older the same traits develop. There is nothing more likely than that Gorman Muir will one day become as coarse and rough as his father. I see a great change in him of late."

"A man can't take to drinking, ever so little, without it showing on him," remarked Ruth, apologetically. Few of her rank in any country are apt to be severe on such an indiscretion.

"I feel precisely as a man might feel about marrying me. I do not think anyone in a good rank would like to do so, dreading I might sometime begin to talk as mamma does often."

"You are terribly wise for your age, Miss Berna, but I am not just sure you are speaking very good sense now. What would hinder a gentleman marrying you because the mistress says a foolish word now and again, and why wouldn't you marry Mr. Gorman, though his father is whiles rough in his way and common mannered? The son has had the best of learning, and there is no one could find fault with his looks or ways. He would be steady enough, too, if he had a wife he was fond of."

"It seems to me, Ruth, you have taken a brief from Mr. Gorman Muir."

"No, Miss Berna, I haven't; but I can't rid my mind of the notion that, situated as you are, it might be well for you to settle soon. If you had a house of your own, and a man that would be good to you, it would be easier than governessing."

"I did not think, Nurse, I should ever hear you say any husband was better than not getting married."

"I never said anything of the sort; but he's often a good deal better than none."

"If I did not like 'governessing' I could leave it; but I could not leave a husband."

"There is something in that, but not very much; it's not likely you'd want to leave him."

"And besides, there was that story about his uncle's wife. You may forget; but I do not."

"We don't know how much truth there was in that, if there was any."

"At any rate, we do know what Mr. Muir is, and Miss Muir, and Miss Sarah, and even that pretty little Mrs. Crayland. No, Ruth, I could not do it. Have I not seen enough of the people mamma associates with? Think, if it annoys me to have

to visit at their houses or see them here, what I should feel were I related to them. It would kill me," added the girl, with passionate conviction. "Fancy my calling Mr. Muir father! Why, I should expect to see my own rise from his grave."

"If you feel like that dear, it 's best you should have nothing to do with the son, not that it seems to my thinking there would be smallest occasion for you to call old Mr. Muir anything of the kind. He wouldn't be your father any more than the mistress would be the young man's mother. I have a notion myself making out people relations who are no blood to one another is foolishness, and I 'm very sure good never comes of it."

"Still it was hard for my mother that no one of the Boyles treated her as belonging to them."

"Don't forget, Miss Berna, that your father's was a rash marriage."

"And so would mine be if I chose one of the Muirs," retorted Berna. "Now, Nurse, we will never talk about this again. I have told you what I could not have told to anyone else. As soon as I can hear of any situation I mean to accept it, even if in Belfast. Mamma will be able to do very well without me. You heard her say so."

"She was put out then, and you mustn't vex yourself over what she says sometimes. All the same I wish you could have thought as you do now when the Dowager wanted you to go to her. I 'd be the proud woman to-day if I knew the child I nursed was placed, as she should be, in a grand house, with servants to wait on her and carriages to drive in. Oh! my darling, it sometimes breaks my old heart to look at you here, and consider how you might have been situated. And all for nothing, too; because the mistress would have been happy as the day is long just running from one house to another, talking about you and making believe she was the worst used woman on earth. She 's going off again to-morrow to Mrs. Gray. I wonder how long she has been at home since we came here."

"And you know, Ruth, Mr. Vince has written to say he will neither pay this rent nor allow us any more money after the first of next May."

"I am sure nobody could blame him. The way the mistress has gone on about his being a kinat* is beyond belief."

"But what is she to do, Ruth?"

"I wouldn't trouble myself about that, Miss. When one door is shut, another is open. The mistress has never wanted yet, and it 's not likely she ever will."

"One thing is quite certain—she cannot, even if I am able to obtain a salary, remain on here."

"Well, and what matter? She 's sure of her money—so much a year as long as she lives; and there 's not one among the lot she consorts with but knows that. Some of them will make her welcome enough when May comes, and there 's a heap might happen betwixt this and May."

"But you, Nurse; but you"—

"My darling, don't be troubling your head about me. There 's always some hole little folk can creep into, and it 's not here as it was in the county Mayo. Somebody will find work even for as old a woman as I am. There 's a heap of work in me still. And so there ought to be. Look at the life I have led. I never knew a hardship since the mistress sent for me to go to her. I had good food and a soft bed and an easy time of it; and I saved money. Each quarter I put something by."

"Do you think I do not know that you have lent all you had to mamma?"

"Not all; indeed, and indeed, not all. I have lots left, and it is far safer with the mistress than me."

The girl looked sorrowfully at her nurse, with eyes that were swimming in tears.

"Dear, dear Ruth," she said, "how I wish I were rich for your sake."

"And I wish, Miss Berna, you were rich for your own—that is, if it was the Lord's will that you might be happy too."

"Berna, Berna," Mrs. Boyle called out at this juncture, "where have you got to? I want you to put a stitch in my gown. That spiked fender has tore all the gathers out."

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

One day The Serpent called on Mr. Muir. It was not by any means the farmer's first visit from that subtle beast any more than Eve's initial interview with him was her last.

Temptation was not quite a stranger to Mr. Muir, though perhaps he called it by another name. He did not distract his soul by any undue resistance to sins which were in his nature. Had he ever argued the matter out he would probably have told his conscience that "as it came to the same thing in the long run, there was no use making any disturbance at the onset." He caused no such disturbance. If he felt disposed to do wrong, why he did wrong, though few persons would have felt more astonished than he, had wrong been imputed to him. Besides, he felt he was always so thoroughly right! Take for example his observance of the Sabbath day. Other persons, many other persons, harnessed their horses on a Sunday, but Mr. Muir had never followed their bad example since the minute he entered into possession of Kilmoon.

When his second wife was taken ill one Sunday he refused to send for a doctor on account of the commandment to do no manner of work, and ill-natured people were quick to hint he was not sorry to take advantage of so valid an excuse for delaying the application of remedies.

In the course of his life Mr. Muir had swallowed whole trains of camels, but on the subject of gnats he held the soundest of doctrines. He and Gorman had once come to high words because the young man insisted on giving his horse a drench after morning service.

"You 'll have no luck," said the farmer, mournfully, as he saw his son going out with a soda-water bottle stuck in his pocket.

It was the same with most other matters. Whatever he did or left undone was right in Mr. Muir's eyes; but at last the enemy of mankind suggested an idea about the execution of which the farmer confessed to himself there "might be doubts." Across the quiet fields of Ardilaw the tempter advanced with soft, steady steps, not crawling like a serpent, but walking upright in the person of Mr. Lyle Garnsey. The corn had been all cut, the last "stook" set up—the hillsides were picturesque with the golden grain piled thus upon them. It was the most gorgeous period of the year in Ireland. The gorse hedges were a mass of glowing colour; the heather was in flower—the mountain tops were purple with it; and the air was fragrant by reason of the scent of wild thyme; in the close short grass, where the sun shone warm, grasshoppers sang their quaint monotonous song; the treacherous depths beneath the Gobbins were blue as the butterflies flying above the rocky nooks and crannies, where their nests and thousands of sea-gulls make their nests; and dragon and glorious butterflies flitted through the air. A great rest and beauty characterised the fair, peaceful landscape, when, across the stubble, Mr. Garnsey, dressed in grey trousers, black velveteen shooting-jacket, straw hat, and low shoes, came picking his way towards Gorman's father.

"As usual," he said, "first to finish. How *do* you manage, Mr. Muir?"

"I think it is with the aid of a heap of overlooking," explained the farmer, modestly; for though conscious of his superior merits he did not wish to make a "brag of them."

"But, good heavens! I am always looking," declared Mr. Garnsey.

"Ay, but even in that there are two ways."

"Good and bad, eh?"

"I did not say that; only one way may be better nor another."

"That is merely your courteous mode of putting the matter, Mr. Muir."

"I meant no reflection on you, Mr. Garnsey. I don't need to be told there 's no call for an independent gentleman like you to be considering quarter hours, and how many potatoes are cut in a day, as I must do if I am to keep my family and pay my rent. What I started to remark was this: there are men in my own way of life who never can make the two ends meet, who are for ever and always getting more and more behind because they try to do too much. They 'll have reapers in one field and men sowing mangolds in another. It 's just a physical impossibility they can be in both places at once. D'ye see what I mean, Sir?"

"Of course I do."

"And there 's lots among the small gentlefolk—I am saying nothing about an estated man, like yourself, but trifling sort of 'quality'—who really should take heed as to what 's to become of them and their children, who 'll rent a farm like this and just dander about it as you might about your pleasure-grounds. They 'll fetch a labourer off digging a drain to cut a straying bramble branch out of the hedge. They 'll call off a man thrashing to help churn—that 's two they 'll set idle; then they 'll get tired and go in and read the newspaper; after that, maybe, some friend of the wife's is coming down and they need the windows cleaned. I declare to my conscience," added Mr. Muir, "I often wonder how they rub on at all. Now, there 's Mr. Begg, over at Meadow View. It wouldn't put the surprise on me in the least if any day I saw him bankrupt."

"It would not surprise me," agreed Mr. Garnsey. "Only see how his daughters dress, and his son now drives a tandem! No less! As usual, Mr. Muir, I have learned a great deal from you even in a few minutes. The moral of your discourse seems to me to be—'If you try to farm your own land, take one field at a time, and never call a labourer off a job.'"

"Though there 's nothing under the sun they like better."

"You are quite right on that point. When your son's vagabond friend, Mr. Doey, condescended to take my wages and had the run of his teeth in my kitchen, there was nothing delighted him more than being sent on errands. That was the only part of his work he ever did willingly."

"It 's an idle sort of way men that are paid by the day fall into," remarked Mr. Muir, with a lofty comprehension of all the pits farm labourers are apt to tumble into when not upheld by the strong arm of an employer determined to "stand no nonsense."

"What a heavenly day, is it not?" said Mr. Garnsey.

"It is that," answered Mr. Muir; "there is no manner of fault to be found with the weather"——

"Except precisely the same fault as no doubt our friend Peter is finding with his easy berth."

"What is that, Sir?"

"Too good to last."

"I have heard no word of my son parting Peter," said Mr. Muir, genuinely surprised.

"Perhaps not; but it seems scarcely likely that, great though his affection for the admirable Doey may be, he would care to take him for a travelling companion."

"I don't know what you mean, Mr. Garnsey."

"Come, come, that won't exactly do with me," said Mr. Garnsey, laughing, as if there were some capital joke hidden in the farmer's utterance, which he was enjoying enormously. "When all the village understands, it is useless for the tenant of Ardilaw to affect ignorance."

"If you have got anything to say, Sir, I wish you would say it plain. I have had too much on my mind lately to leave it any great freedom for guessing riddles."

"That is just the matter in point. You have had your son on your mind. I don't wonder at it; and we all know he has not been a very light load."

"I don't see what call anybody in the village—or, if it comes to that, anybody in the county—has to meddle in affairs that are no sort of concern of theirs."

"Neither do I; but still bodies will meddle. Even you, Mr. Muir, are not quite above the common weakness of talking over, and gossiping about, your neighbours' business; and, as you have always held your head pretty well up and passed for a wise man, you may be very sure that if your ears are not burning it is from no lack of gossip about you and your son."

"What does any man say about my son?" asked Mr. Muir, defiantly.

"Why, for one thing, many men, most men, say you won't have him at home very long; and some men, most men, go on to remark the sooner he leaves here for his own sake the better. He has certainly taken the disease very badly. Considering his age and his experience, I don't know that I ever came across a worse case of love fever."

Outwardly Mr. Muir was both a moral and a religious man; but he did mutter a very bad oath as he half swung himself round till he stood almost with his back to Mr. Garnsey.

That gentleman laughed again. "I would not take it so much to heart if I were you," he advised. "Gorman has been heavily hit, no doubt, but so have we all in our time. He will get over it just as we got over it. The disappointment won't kill him any more than it killed us. 'Men have died,' as you have perhaps heard before now, Mr. Muir, 'and the worms have eaten them, but not for love.' He won't die. I daresay he won't even have delirium tremens; still, it must be very hard for you. Ah! dear, dear; when I remember the first day you brought him over to see me; and what a proud man you were, and how little we could foresee all this trouble and the muck he is running now I feel very sad for you; I do, upon my word."

Mr. Muir did not answer. With averted head and a raging spirit he stood impatiently digging holes in the ground with his heel, the while Mr. Garnsey regarded him with amused enjoyment.

"It is confoundedly hard upon you," he repeated, in a tone of the sincerest sympathy. "I cannot express the sorrow I feel."

Mr. Muir's heart was hot within him. Had he been beaten in a boxing-match, or worsted in a lawsuit, or only come third in a race, he would not by comparison have cared; but to know it was the talk of the country-side that his son had been refused by a girl, and such a girl—poor, only ordinarily good-looking, with the cracked daughter of old Sam Vince for mother, a "young jade" who ought to have been only too thankful to "leap" when Gorman said "jump"—the thing was outrageous.

"As you appear to know such a heap about us all," he said at last, turning a hard set face towards his landlord, "it would serve no useful purpose for me to deny that things are bad enough; still they are not so bad as you think for."

"Delighted to hear it. Am I to conclude your son *is* going to remain on here—that he has no intention of 'hanging his harp on a willow tree'?"

"If he has any design of the sort he never mentioned it to me."

"Then what I came over to-day to say is of no consequence. However, as I am here, and as one never knows how matters may turn, I will just mention that if he ever should wish to leave in a hurry, he need not trouble himself about the farm. I 'll break the lease for him with pleasure. Of course, I know the land could be of no use to you, so I won't, under the circumstances, hold your son to his bargain. If he wants to go, don't let Finney's Farm keep him. He has acted very well and straightforwardly by me, and I could not think of taking advantage of him."

"You are past the common considerate, Mr. Garnsey—wonderful considerate, to be sure," said Mr. Muir, with a humility which hid a sneer.

"Well, I took to the young fellow from the first; and I don't like to hear the stories I can't help hearing about him. Further, you know, seeing is believing; and I have seen that your son is getting himself mixed up with a very questionable lot—very questionable indeed. Neither you nor I ever posed for a saint; but there is a difference between that and going to the dogs—and all because Miss Boyle can't care for him. In our wildest days we were wiser than that—eh, Mr. Muir?"

"I am very sure there never was a time when, if a woman hadn't wanted me, I 'd have troubled my head about her. But what I can't get over with this girl is that she does care for him."

"Then why don't they get married, and quit caring? There 's only one cure for love you know—matrimony."

"I can't get out of her, and neither can anybody else, what her notion is," answered the farmer, who was determined not to make a confessor of Mr. Garnsey. "She has some reason she won't tell, that 's still strong enough to keep her from saying she 's inclined to my son."

"But is she inclined to him?"

"If she is not, then, never was maid fond of a man yet."

"Do you think it is the mother—though that certainly ought to prove a greater obstacle to your son than to anybody else?"

"No, I cannot conclude it is the mother, and if it were I don't know who would heed her."

"I shouldn't for one. What a flighty old fright she is; considers herself irresistible, too! When she first came here she tried walking in the middle of the road, right under my horse's nose, in order to strike up an acquaintance. I sickened her of that, however. I nearly rode her down a couple of times."

"Are you set to kill me?" she asked. "Keep out of the way then," I said. "There 's a side path—that is for you, the road is for me."

"She 's a wonderful old woman," remarked Mr. Muir.

"She is; but she has got a pretty daughter; that is, if you believe her to be Miss Boyle's mother. I do not. I feel quite convinced that girl has got another mother somewhere. Perhaps there is the mystery of her refusal."

"No, it is nothing of the kind; it just is that she has put her foot down on 'No,' and having done that, all the talking in the world won't make her lift it to 'Yes.'

"Yet you say you believe she is fond of your son."

"I can't doubt it. I would wager something she loves the very ground he walks on."

"Humph! it is all very strange. I think if I were young again, and thought a girl cared for me, I 'd have her, no matter how coy she might be. So far as I can judge, lovers of the present day are wonderfully faint-hearted. What do you say, Mr. Muir? would you sit pining in one house and leave your sweetheart pining in another merely because she was proud, or timid, or shy?"

"I can hardly tell you what I might do."

"I should have thought, now, your son was not the young man to stand much nonsense of that sort. I 'd have expected him to run off with any young woman he had a mind to marry; but, however, as I said before, times are changed since we went courting, Mr. Muir."

"Maybe; but I have a notion flesh and blood is much about the same as it ever was."

"Perhaps so; still I doubt it. When you find opportunity, Mr. Muir, tell your son what I say about the farm. He will be far better out of this. Good-bye; I am heartily sorry for you."

And having thus spoken, Mr. Garnsey retraced his way over the stubble, leaving Mr. Muir to contemplate at his leisure the apple, ripe and ruddy, round and tempting, it had been hinted would prove most exceedingly good to eat. How long was it before Eve stretched forth her hand and plucked the fruit of the tree? Presumably not long. Days, however, passed, and found Mr. Muir in all his "spare time" gazing at the apple he felt steadfastly determined to have no "say to."

"Notions of that description may come natural enough to a loose-living man like Lyle Garnsey; but I never have taken act or part in anything rash or wrong myself," considered the farmer.

"I wonder now," he went on, "how it comes no thought of the kind chanced to get into Gorman's head. I am right glad he was not at hand to hear what Mr. Garnsey said. He is whiles reckless; and we know it would be the height of wickedness. Still, many a man has done it, and got a good wife, too. They do say Mr. Desmond's great-aunt was carried off that way. She had a fine fortune."

CHAPTER XXXIX.

Once again the same apartment as that in which the reader first made acquaintance with Miss Bell Muir, unchanged in any way save that a fire of turf smouldered within the grate; no difference in chairs, tables, arrangement, ornament. The seasons might alter, external nature don a fresh aspect, but no apartment influenced by the fair Bell was in the smallest degree likely to vary its appearance.

"As she found things she left them," said that young woman, which was probably the reason why all the linen, and all the silver, and all the damask, and all the feather-beds, and all the best china, left behind by a mother "fit only to be a saint in Heaven," who possessed a lighter hand in pastry and as cool a hand in butter-making as Bell, were as good as when she departed for a world where, presumably, teapots, Britannia or otherwise, are unknown, since even the most careful housewife cannot carry them across the frontier.

At all events, there was the room, and Bell and her father, as when the reader first entered it. And yet not quite; then Miss Muir was shirt-making and her father splicing his whip; on the occasion of this interview Miss Muir was knitting a stocking, and Mr. Muir doing nothing at all except looking at his daughter.

"Well, I don't know," said genial Bell.

*Probably, gnat.

"Then why do you speak?" asked Mr. Muir.

"There is not much use speaking; but a body cannot always sit dumb."

"A man that lived with you might pray to be deaf," retorted Mr. Muir.

The improvement in manner, or rather the slight restraint in language, caused by Gorman's arrival had long ceased to be apparent, and the Muirs were once again as rude to each other as the most affectionate family could desire. The most perfect freedom of speech prevailed at Ardilaw; old habits had been resumed, like old clothes: they were easier than the Sunday garb, assumed for the benefit of Mr. Trevasson's nephew. What becomes of the liberty of home, if the inmates have always to be on their best behaviour? Gorman, who was but little in the house, had deserted his own room, and now sat "with the rest," snapping at and quarrelling with his sisters, as naturally as though "reared among them." Not a trace of the "breeding that came with him from Kilkenny" was to be seen. The downward path is easy—apparently the young man found it eminently so. He "flung out" at Bell like a vicious horse; and Bell attacked him as though she had been a tigress. Mr. Muir's pride and vanity were often sorely hurt by his son's degeneration; but, upon the whole, he probably felt the same relief in getting down off his high horse as he might in taking off a pair of tight boots and thrusting his feet into easy slippers.

"Among quality he could hold his own with any one of them still," thought the farmer, solacing himself when he heard Gorman answer his sister in kind; but the young fellow had fallen a great depth, all the coarser side of his nature had obtained ascendency. It was not merely the wild blood, the untrained nature, the animal instincts so long kept in check by prosperity and civilisation, which were asserting themselves, but he had actually deteriorated. He had gone down amongst the common herd of profligates, and the very fashion of his countenance was changed in consequence. As a man cannot pass through fire without being scorched, so a man cannot sin without some hint of the wrong he has done being written—more faintly perhaps than in his soul—but still written across his face.

Doey was right. Gorman had got the bit between his teeth, and was galloping straight for a place not often mentioned in the hearing of decent people, except from the pulpit; and in every defiant movement of his body, and in every handsome feature, in every word he spoke, there was a change, which told some evil spirit had overshadowed him, and turned everything his fleshly tabernacle held of good to bad. Just as in some garden we occasionally see all that was green and fair and beautiful over night—all buds of promise, all flowers of grace—blighted and killed by one night's unseasonable frost—so the poetry, the chivalry, the greatness, and the grandeur of Gorman Muir's character seemed nipped and destroyed by his mistress's coldness.

Men have done the same before; men will do the same again. It is an old, old story; yet when the hand which writes these words is cold, and the eyes that read them are closed for ever, it will still strike some loving heart with a new and horrible surprise that son, or brother, or friend, can let any trouble gain such a mastery over him as to ruin his life on earth and peril his hopes for eternity.

Gorman Muir was doing this. He was, so Isabella had put the matter, "biting off his nose to spite his chin"; and she had been delivering her sentiments and opinions at great length when Mr. Muir stopped her.

There ensued a silence, broken only by the maddening click-click of her knitting-needles. Bell could always get through about double the amount of work when in a bad temper; probably that was the reason she knit three rows right round during the time she sat and said nothing and Mr. Muir remained considering his daughter's words of wisdom. At length he lifted his head and asked—

"What makes you say Gorman won't stop over the winter with us?"

Had she been deaf and dumb Miss Muir could not have taken less notice of this inquiry than was the case.

Mr. Muir paused—then he "surveyed" Isabella before he asked,

"Did you hear what I said?"

"Yes—I heard"——

"Then why don't you answer?"

"It is better to hold my tongue than cause offence."

Mr. Muir looked up at the "tawse" suspended above the mantelshelf, secretly longing to take it off the nail and chastise his daughter. No one could have accused him of sparing the rod when she was a child, but he now repented him he had not "laid on" with greater frequency and fervour. At that moment he could have found it in his heart to thrash Bell soundly.

"God help the man gets her," he thought—then added aloud,

"Who's talking of offence? I asked you a plain question, and I expect a plain answer."

"What was it you asked? Maybe I don't rightly mind."

Instead of repeating his previous inquiry, Mr. Muir spoke a very naughty word.

"I wouldn't swear if I was you," remarked Miss Muir.

"If you were me it's hard to says what you might do," retorted her father, "as hard as to say what I *will* do if you don't give me a civil answer."

"What do you want me to answer?"

"Why, you deem Gorman's thinking of leaving us," thundered Mr. Muir.

"Goodness me! Is that all? You needn't shout so; don't put yourself in a temper about nothing."

"Are you going to tell me or are you not?" asked Mr. Muir, half rising from his chair.

"There's no call for you to stir," observed Bell! "it's a great pity you trouble your mind so much about one that doesn't trouble his mind much about you."

This time Mr. Muir rose in earnest.

"If you're set not to tell me," he said, "I suppose nobody can make you," and he strode across the floor and had his hand on the lock when his daughter drawled out—

"I believe you wanted to know why I thought Gorman meant to take himself off. There is no secret about the matter as far as I am aware. He told me he wouldn't be here long."

"That's nothing."

"Have your own way of it, then; only never say afterwards I didn't give you fair warning. You'll have to try and do without him before you are much older. He is purposed to leave Ardilaw, and the County Down, and Ireland. He doesn't seem to think there is room here to be wicked enough."

"Where does he think, then, he'll find room enough?" asked the farmer. He was still grasping the handle of the door, and his voice was harsh with suppressed emotion as he put this question.

"He is going to try Australia. He says if he knew any place further off he'd go there. You made sure you were doing a fine thing when you refused Sam Dopp the cottage. Maybe you'd have fared better with his pigs, poor dumb beasts! than with Miss Boyle, you were so taken up about."

Mr. Muir did not answer. He opened the door and walked out. He went up the hill, and looked mournfully at the horses, in which Gorman had long ceased to take pleasure or interest.

"I'm thinking, Mr. Muir, you'd best be considering what you'll do with this land when your son leaves us altogether," suggested Peter. "He's not on for stopping in Down, I'm very certain. I'd not be surprised to hear any day we needn't expect to see him again. Love's a terrible thing when a man takes it as he has done. It may be all very well; but I call it foolishness myself. It's not as if there wasn't another woman in the world but one"——

"You see, he can't look at it in that way."

"More's the pity, for it is the only sensible way."

"Do you know when he is coming back, Doey?"

"No more nor the babe unborn. He leaves me with all the weight and care of the stock on my mind, and never says what he wants done or left undone. I'm getting very tired of it, Mr. Muir, and so I mean to tell your son."

"Here he is," answered Mr. Muir; "you can tell him now."

"Oh! I'm not going to meet him open-mouthed," said Doey, cautiously. "I know when to speak and when to hold my tongue. I'll take a suitable opportunity, never fear, but it won't be when he comes dragging his feet across the grass that way. Did you ever see the like of his face now; why his brow is as black as night. He is dangerous."

Gorman's brow was black. He scarcely spoke to his father, and he uttered no syllable to Peter, except to bid him "get shoes put on the bay mare, and take her to that address."

"I have a word I want to say to you, Gorman," began his father, as Doey went to catch the mare.

"Say it, then," returned the young man, sullenly.

"Is it true, as Bell informs me, that you are thinking of going to Australia?"

"Quite true, unless I change my mind and first kill Berna Boyle, and then blow out my own brains."

"I would not do that. Your brains are your own to do what you like with, of course; but I think you might turn them to some better use."

"What better use?"

"Considering, as nothing else will serve you, if there's no way you could coax the girl to reason."

"I don't know what you mean," said Gorman. "You know she'll listen to nothing I have to say. She won't even speak to me now. I met her as I was coming home, and she turned her head away, as if the very sight of me was hateful."

"Did she?" exclaimed Mr. Muir, and his face grew dark as Gorman's own. "Faith, if it was my case, I'd teach her different. Do you know what Mr. Garnsey said to me about this matter?"

"I know what he said to me, the old scoundrel, and that's enough," answered Gorman. "It was as much as I could do to refrain from making him eat his villainous words."

"I do not see that there need be any villainy going," answered Mr. Muir. "All she needs, to my mind, is a little persuading. Once she was married to you, she'd be glad enough you had persuaded her."

Gorman turned and looked steadily at his father.

"Were I in your shoes," went on Mr. Muir, without flinching from his son's gaze, "I'd just carry her off and make her your wife. Better-born and better-looking women than she is, and rich into the bargain, have been married the same way, over and over and over again, and settled down as happy with their husbands as if they'd gone to church with a troop of friends. There is no wrong in the notion. The girl likes you and would marry you if she wasn't too proud to own her love. If you can't live without her—why, live with her. If the truth were known, I dare swear there is nothing she would like better than to be compelled to marry you. Some are that sort. They go on saying no, no, no, and all the time they are dying to say yes."

For a moment Gorman stood silent, then he asked,

"Are you aware you are urging me to commit a great crime?"

"Crime!" repeated Mr. Muir, contemptuously, "not a bit of it—no such thing.

(*To be continued.*)

THE CHURCH.

Lord Penrhyn has given £300 towards the building fund of a new church at Glan Adda, North Wales.

The late Mr. W. Foster, of Hornby Castle, has bequeathed £5000 for restoring and enlarging the churches at Tatham and Hornby, West Yorkshire.

The Canterbury Diocesan Conference will be held at Lambeth Palace, on July 15 and 16, under the presidency of the Primate.

The Dean of Bangor, although somewhat improved in health, is still forbidden by his medical attendants to take any active part in public movements.

The Canonry of Llandaff has been conferred, by the Lord Bishop of Llandaff, upon the Rev. T. Edmondes, M.A., Vicar of Llanblethian.

The Bishop of Gibraltar has been making an episcopal tour. He was at Constantinople lately, and while there received a visit from the Archbishop, President of the Armenian Synod.

A concert was given on Wednesday afternoon at Prince's Hall in aid of the restoration fund of St. John's Church, Waterloo Bridge-road.

Six painted windows, from the studio of Mr. Taylor, of Berners-street, have been presented to the Church of St. John, Carlisle, by Dr. Hodgson, whose family have been benefactors to the church on several occasions.

Yesterday week the Rev. John Edward Blakeney, D.D., Trinity College, Dublin, Vicar of Sheffield, and Canon of the Cathedral and Metropolitan Church of St. Peter of York, was duly installed first Archdeacon of Sheffield.

The ceremony of the laying, with full Masonic honours, of the chief corner-stone of the central tower of Peterborough Cathedral by the Earl of Carnarvon, representing the Prince of Wales, passed off most successfully on Wednesday week.

On the 9th inst., the dedication-stone of a new Mission Church, St. Silas, Preston-street, Malden-road, was laid by Lady Wilfreda Biddulph, who was assisted by the Rev. Canon Spence, M.A., Vicar of St. Pancras, and a large number of the clergy of the district.

Lady John Manners on Thursday week laid the foundation-stone of the Church of St. Mary, Northampton. The High Sheriff, Lord Alwyne Compton, Mr. Stopford Sackville, Mr. Holdine, the architect of the church, and a large number of clergymen were present.

The Archbishop of York held a levée of his clergy at York on Monday. His Grace has fixed a second meeting of the Convocation of the Northern Province to take place on Tuesday, July 15, for the discussion of important social topics. The subjects will be the ministration of women, the condition and dwellings of the poor, and the means of bringing Christian truth to the masses of the people.

"AN ANXIOUS MOMENT."

This picture, by Mr. Julius M. Price, a pupil of the eminent French artist, Gérôme, was exhibited in the Paris Salon of last year. It represents a subject always of pathetic interest, and one which was especially impressed on the mind by the International Fisheries' Exhibition in London, when so much was said of the perils attending that occupation on these coasts of Western Europe. The scene is at the end of a jetty, on a stormy day, with a group of fisherfolk intently watching the course of a smack, which, though not shown in the picture, is supposed to be making for the harbour. A stalwart fisherman is ready with a line, to be cast to the vessel in danger as it passes. Among the group is a careworn-looking woman with a boy, who, from their attitude of intense anxiety, seem to have one near and dear to them on board the smack. The picture tells its tale well, and derives additional interest, as we have pointed out, from the sympathy which a spectator is bound to feel upon such an occasion. The fixed and intent gaze of the fellow-villagers upon the pier carries the imagination with it to conceive the approaching boat with the fishermen in peril. As a work of art, it has considerable merit.

WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will (dated June 15, 1883) of Mr. Robert Jennings Crosse, late of Southmolton, Devonshire, who died on Feb. 20 last, was proved on March 31 by the Rev. Edward Ibert Crosse and Reginald Stawell Crosse, the sons, and Frederic Day, three of the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £104,000. The testator leaves his furniture, plate, pictures, household and personal effects, horses and carriages, to his wife, Mrs. Lucy Stawell Crosse; and all his real estate and the residue of the personalty, upon trust, to pay the income to her for life. At his wife's death he gives £30,000 to his five daughters, Lizzie Marian, Fanny Courtenay, Mary Louisa, Sophia Isabel, and Helen Charlotte; and the ultimate residue of his property to his said two sons.

The Scotch Confirmation, under seal of office of the Commissariot of Ayrshire, signed March 27 last, of the trust disposition and settlement (dated Sept. 14, 1883) of Mrs. Catherine Ann Napier or Dixon, late of Belleisle, in the county of Ayr, widow of the late William Smith Dixon, ironmaster in Glasgow, who died on Jan. 25 last at Cannes, granted to John Church, John Charles James Church Dixon, the nephew, and Thomas Robert Johnston Logan, the executors nominate, was sealed in London on the 3rd ult., the value of the personal estate in England, Ireland, and Scotland amounting to over £68,000.

The will (dated July 11, 1883), with a codicil (dated Dec. 13 following), of Mr. Leonard Lawrie Hartley, late of Middleton Tyas, Yorkshire, and of No. 138, Marina, St. Leonard's, Sussex, who died on Dec. 27 last, was proved on the 5th ult. by William Hillard Dunster and William Blackman Young, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £41,000. The testator gives £250 each to his executors; £2000 and four houses in the Marina to Alfred Sherwood Stedman, his man-servant and personal attendant; and some other legacies. The residue of his property he leaves to his heir-at-law or next-of-kin, according to the statute for the distribution of the personal estates of intestates, who shall within one year establish their right thereto, and in default thereof to his executors and A. S. Stedman, equally.

The will (dated Jan. 15, 1884), of Admiral Sir Thomas Sabine-Pasley, Bart., K.C.B., J.P., late of Moorhill, in the county of Southampton, who died on Feb. 13 last, has been proved by Captain Russell Graves Sabine-Pasley, R.N., the son, Miss Georgina Sophy Pasley, the daughter, and Henry Jenkyns, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £34,000. The testator makes provision for his sons and daughters, and directs that certain gold and silver plate, pictures, orders, and medals shall be held as heirlooms with the baronetcy. There are a few legacies, and the residue of his real and personal estate he settles upon the eldest son of his late son Thomas Malcolm Sabine-Pasley, who succeeds his grandfather as third Baronet.

The will (dated June 16, 1882) of the Right Hon. Thomas Milner Gibson, P.C., late of Theberton, Suffolk, and of Hyde Park-place, Cumberland-gate, who died on Feb. 25 last at Algiers, was proved on the 22nd ult. by Jasper Joseph Alexander Milner Gibson, the son, Reginald Godfrey Marsden, and George John Braikenridge, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £32,000. The testator gives to his wife, Mrs. Susannah Arethusa Milner Gibson, £600 and all his household furniture, plate, pictures, jewellery, and effects; to his son Jasper Joseph Alexander, all his real estate held of the manor of Kennington and £400; to his son George Gery, a legacy as a mark of his affection, but he does not make any other provision for him, as he is otherwise well provided for; and some other legacies and annuities. The residue of his real and personal estate is to be held, upon trust, for his wife for life; then for his son Jasper Joseph Alexander for life; and then for all the children of his said son, and of his daughter, Alice Mary, the late wife of William Wybrow Robertson.

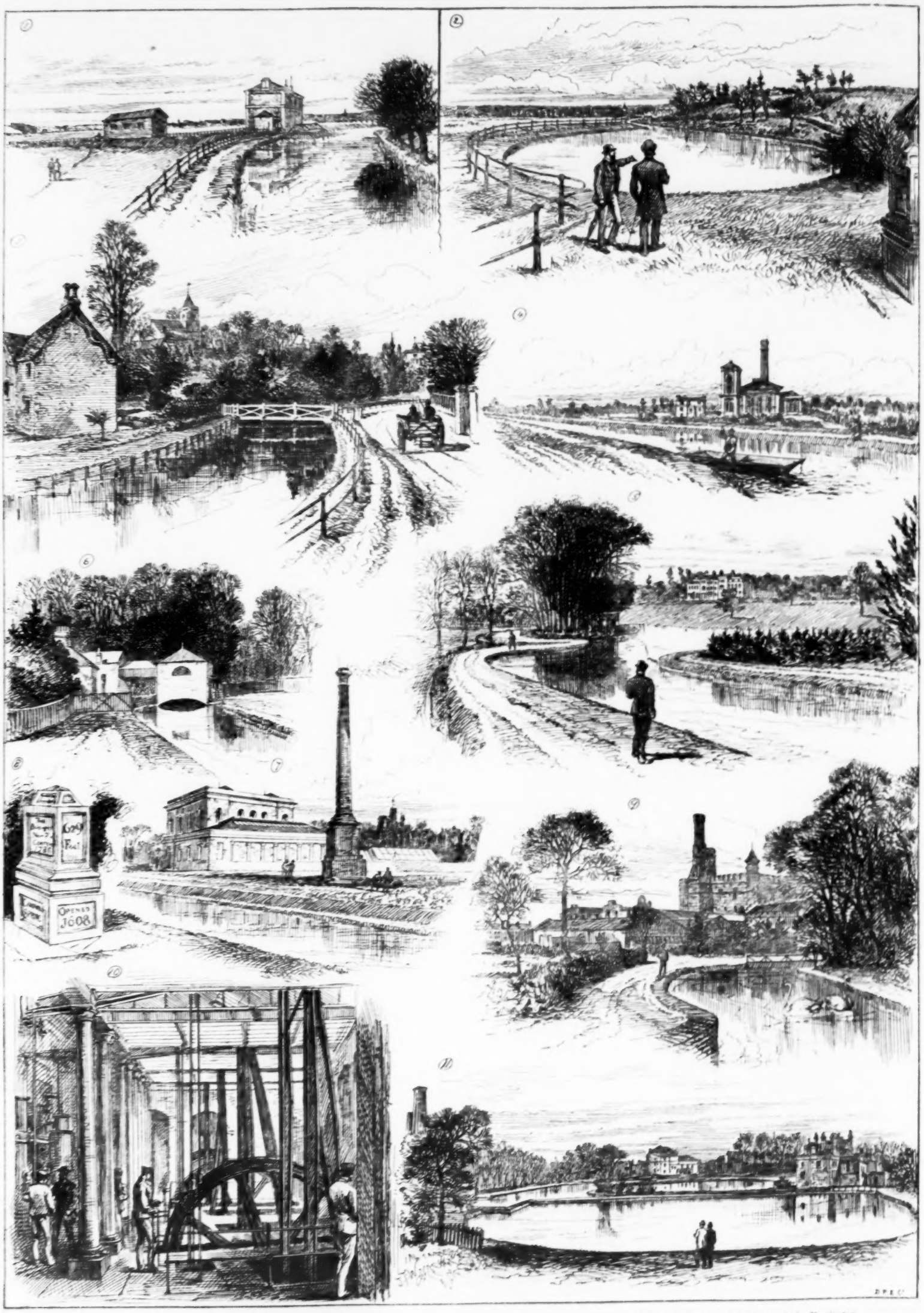
The will (dated Aug. 23, 1881) of Mr. Edward John Davis, formerly of Brookside, near Crawley, Sussex, but late of The Lodge, Carshalton, Surrey, who died on Feb. 28 last, has been proved by Mrs. Nancy Davis, the widow, the Rev. John James Lias, and Henry Syme Redpath, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £26,000. The testator bequeaths £500 and his furniture, pictures, plate, household stores and effects, horses and carriages, to his wife; and £500 to each of his other executors. The residue of his property is to be held upon trust for his wife and children.

The will (dated Oct. 31, 1870) of Mr. James Vincent Harting, F.S.A., late of No. 2, Upper Montague-street, Russell-square, and of Ladymead, Harting, Sussex, who died on Aug. 30 last, has been proved by Mrs. Alexine Milne Harting, the widow and sole executrix, the value of the personal estate exceeding £14,000. The testator gives all his real and personal estate to his wife.

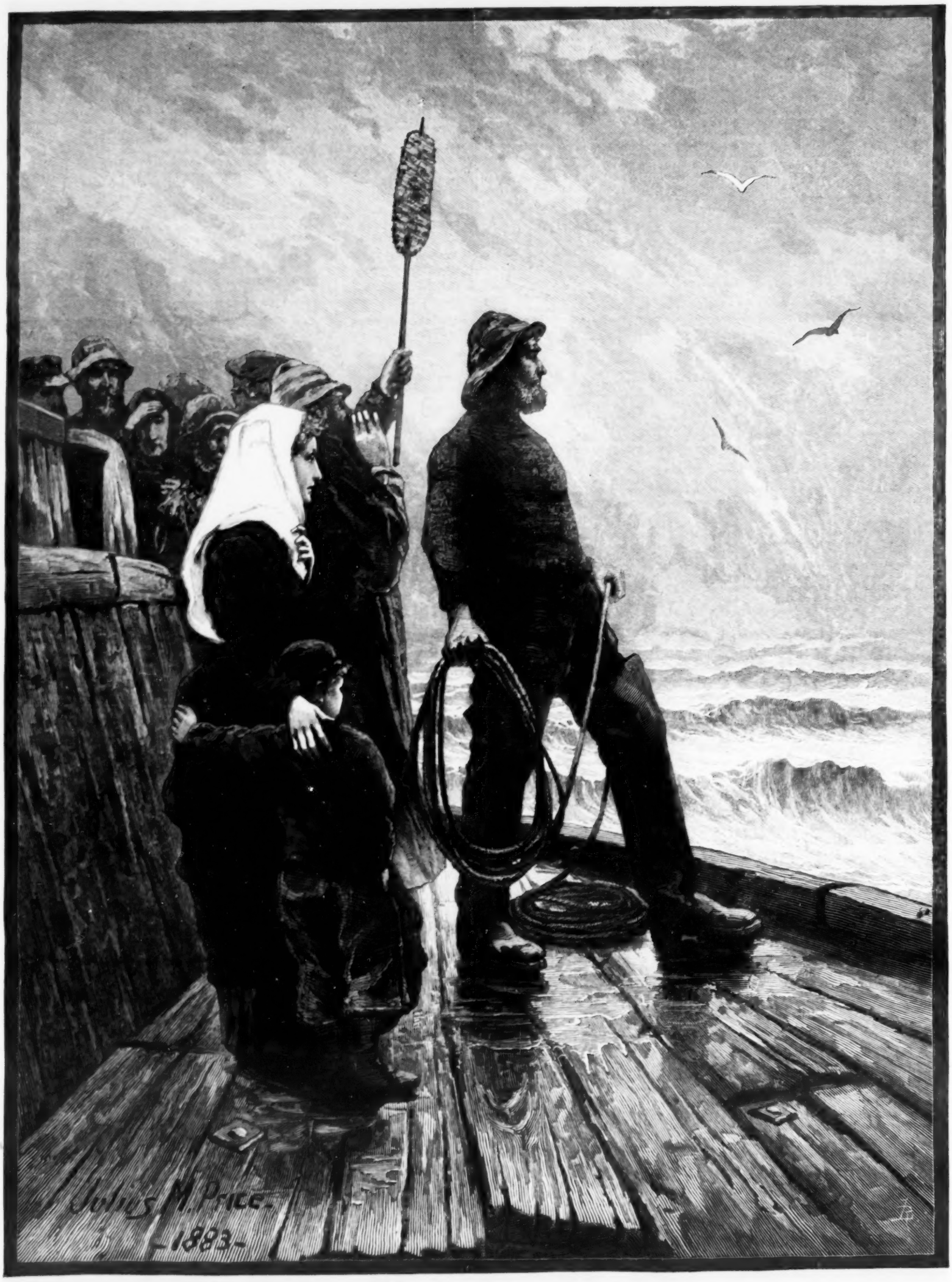
Daley, Egan, and M'Donnell, were brought up at the Birmingham Police Court last Saturday on the charge of treason-felony in connection with the dynamite conspiracy. The evidence was mainly directed to show that the prisoners were associated, and Colonel Majendie proved the explosive and destructive character of some materials found in the possession of Daley. The accused were all committed for trial.

A trial-trip up and down the whole length of the line of the Highgate Steep Grade Tramway Company, beginning at the Archway Tavern (Metropolitan Tramway Terminus), and ending at the Gatehouse Hotel, was successfully made last Saturday in the presence of the chief engineer. The cars, which are exactly similar to the ordinary Metropolitan cars, but with the addition of the machinery for gripping the steel-rope cable, were driven by the engines at the rate of about six miles an hour, the same speed being observed up hill as in coming down. The line is in complete working order, and the opening is anxiously looked forward to.

WATER SUPPLY OF LONDON.—NO. 1: THE NEW RIVER COMPANY.



1. New River Source, Chadwell Springs, Ware.
2. New Gauge, King's Mead, Hertford.
3. Foot Bridge, Amwell Pond, Herts.
4. Turnford Pumping-station, Cheshunt.
5. Theobalds Park.
6. Sluice House, Enfield.
7. Hornsey Pumping-Station.
8. Stone at Chadwell Springs, inscribed with date of New River works.
9. Pumping-Station, Green Lanes, Stoke Newington.
10. Engine-room of Pumping-station.
11. New River Head, Clerkenwell.



AN ANXIOUS MOMENT.

FROM THE PICTURE BY JULIUS M. PRICE.

THE WATER SUPPLY OF LONDON.

THE NEW RIVER COMPANY.

The Metropolitan District, containing an urban population of 3,814,571, not including the semi-rural suburbs, with about half a million houses, is supplied with water, for drinking, cooking, washing, cleansing the streets, and flushing the sewers, and for manufacturing operations, by eight important Companies; namely, the New River Company, which is the oldest and largest; the East London Company; the West Middlesex Company; the Grand Junction Company; the Southwark and Vauxhall Company; the Lambeth Company; the Chelsea Company; and the West Kent Company. Proposals have been repeatedly made, which four years ago took the shape of authorised negotiations and of a definite scheme approved by the Government of that time, for the purchase of all these undertakings and their transfer to a public administration, representing the ratepayers and inhabitants of London. It is probable that the establishment of a common Municipality for the whole of the Metropolis, exercising the powers now vested in the Metropolitan Board of Works, will be followed by an attempt to carry some such measure into effect. The Companies are exceedingly prosperous, and we believe they are managed with great ability and with as much economy as is consistent with the maintenance of so many separate local systems, mutually unconnected, each having its own costly staff, its own engineering works, its own reservoirs and filtering tanks, and drawing its water sometimes from an inconvenient distance. The sources of their natural supply, it must be observed, with reference to the topography of the district, are situated respectively in localities which cannot, in some cases, be otherwise than disadvantageous, in an economical point of view, looking to the parts of London where their water is distributed to the consumers. This is one of the strongest arguments in favour of a combined administration. The New River Company obtains its water from the upper part and sources of the River Lea, in Hertfordshire, in the neighbourhood of Amwell and Hoddesdon, and from certain wells at Amwell. The East London Company gets water partly from the Lea, and partly from the Thames at Sunbury. The West Middlesex, the Grand Junction, and the Southwark and Vauxhall Companies draw theirs from the Thames at Hampton. The Lambeth and the Chelsea Companies get it from the Thames at Moulsey, and the former partly from springs in the gravel and chalk at West Moulsey and Thames Ditton. The West Kent Company is supplied by deep wells in the chalk at several places from Deptford to Crayford. We take no account here of minor suburban or rural waterworks, such as those of the Tottenham Local Board of Health and the Colne Valley Company. It is obviously a waste of power and of cost, where the supply comes from a low-level river like the Thames, and has to be forced to London by pumping, that several companies should be obliged, each upon its own account, to bring water all the way from Hampton for consumption in remote quarters of the metropolis, even as far as Brixton and Peckham, on the south side, and also to the north of London. The unnecessary multiplication of pumping-stations is a great objection to the continuance of the present state of our water-supply, but the Legislature would never consent to an amalgamation of the different Companies on the footing of an enormous private joint-stock concern monopolising the whole business, and making all London dependent upon it for the first necessary of life. It is estimated by Colonel Sir Frank Bolton, the Government Examiner of Water-Supply for the Metropolis, that half a million sterling would be yearly saved, in this way alone, by united management, besides the vast benefit of equalising the water-rate, and of reducing it to a charge that would merely cover the actual cost of the whole establishment, with no view to a commercial profit.

We need not here discuss the schemes which have, from time to time, been projected by different engineers for bringing water to London from distant parts of the country, from the sources of the Severn below Plinlimmon, by an open conduit or aqueduct 180 miles long, or from the lakes of North Wales or Cumberland. Another school of scientific hydrologists demand that the rivers and streams of this part of England shall be totally abandoned for water-supply, and that all we need, or at least that which is needed for drinking and preparing food, shall be raised in Artesian wells from the chalk which is such an important geological feature of the district around London. The question of the purity of water, with reference to its mineral ingredients, its hardness or softness, and its fitness for domestic and personal use, as well as the means of preventing its contamination with decomposed organic substances, vegetable and animal, is one not yet finally settled. It has long occupied the attention of eminent men of science, both chemists and physiologists, and sanitary doctors, who are yet far from being agreed. We may find something to remark upon it hereafter; but the Reports of more than one Royal Commission of Inquiry afford justification for the belief that the Thames and Lea waters, properly treated, are of tolerable quality and salubrious enough, while the quantity that can be obtained from these sources is amply sufficient for all the requirements of London. One word may be said to those who complain of bad and foul water; do they keep it in their house cisterns?

Reserving now for a future notice the general statistics and detailed account of this matter, we will refer to our Illustrations of the works of that fine old London institution, styled "The New River Company" to this day, which has flourished above two centuries and a half, from the reign of King James I., and to which so many generations of Londoners have been indebted for one of their greatest daily comforts. The statue of good old Sir Hugh Myddelton, on Islington-green, is that of its public-spirited Founder, a citizen deserving our grateful remembrance, a man contemporary with Bacon and Shakspeare.

About the end of the sixteenth century, a Dutch or Flemish contractor had set up at London Bridge a pumping apparatus to draw water from the Thames, which he would have distributed by pipes through the city. But the result was not satisfactory, and in 1605, the Corporation of London got an Act of Parliament enabling them to cut a trench from the springs at Chadwell and Amwell, near Ware, to obtain a better supply. The author of this project was Mr. Hugh Myddelton, a Welsh gentleman of good family at Denbigh, who had made a handsome fortune by working copper and silver mines in North Wales, and was a skilful practical engineer. He resided in London, and was a member of the Goldsmiths' Company, being also engaged in the silversmith's trade. As the Corporation, after getting legal powers, could not immediately raise the necessary funds, Myddleton undertook the whole work at his own cost and risk. He began its execution in April, 1608, hoping to finish it in four years. The distance from Ware to London by the road is about twenty miles; but this canal was obliged to take a winding course of thirty-seven miles, to avoid the inequalities of level. It was carried, in some places, through subterranean passages or tunnels, and crossed two wide valleys, at Bush Hill, near Enfield, and again near Highbury, in wooden aqueducts or troughs lined with lead, of the lengths respectively of 660 ft. and 462 ft. The general descent of the stream was 3 ft. in the mile, and it would flow at the rate of two miles an hour, but was dammed back at two or three places to retard its course. Its average breadth was 21 ft., and the average depth was 4 ft. The work proved far more costly than Myddelton had expected; he spent all his own money, and was forced to ask King James I. for help. This was only granted upon his ceding to the King half his property in the undertaking, while the remainder was divided into shares taken by certain private "adventurers" who subscribed towards the fund. Hence the distinction of "King's shares" and "Adventurers' shares" in the quotations of New River Stock to this day. The whole expense was about £500,000. The work was completed in five years and a half; and Hugh Myddelton received the honour of knighthood, being too poor for that of baronetcy, which the King would otherwise have conferred upon him. His brother, Sir Thomas, being a richer man, was, on Michaelmas Day, 1613, elected Lord Mayor for the ensuing year. He, accompanying Sir John Swinerton, then Lord Mayor, attended by many of the Aldermen, the Recorder, and other gentlemen, repaired to the basin, called New River Head; when about sixty labourers, handsomely dressed, and wearing green caps, carrying spades, shovels, and pickaxes, marched, preceded by drums and trumpets, twice round the basin, where, stopping before the Lord Mayor, Aldermen, and other gentlemen, who were seated upon an eminence, one of the labourers addressed himself to them in a long copy of verses, which being ended, the sluices were opened, and the stream ran plentifully into the reservoir, amidst the sound of drums and trumpet, the discharge of several pieces of ordnance, and the loud acclamations of the people. We are further told that the project, though it ruined its first promoter, turned out to be of unspeakable benefit to the City, putting a speedy stop to a great number of dreadful fires, and conducing to the health of the citizens "by the cleanliness it has brought among us." Yet so little were its advantages understood, that "for above thirty years there were not divided above £5 odd money to each of the £100 shares, which are seventy-two in number." Thus began the oldest of the great water companies, which was then profitless to its promoters; but at the end of the last century shares for which £100 had originally been given were selling at £9000 and £10,000 a piece, and the value of the shares seems to have constantly risen till a very short time ago.

We must reserve for a future article some description of the present establishment of the New River Company, which has from time to time been vastly extended and improved. The old artificial channel of supply has been much shortened by taking a more direct course through the country; great settling reservoirs have been constructed, in which the water is allowed to stand at a depth of 12 ft. or 20 ft., and to deposit its earthy matter at the bottom; pumping-stations, with powerful engines, filtering-beds, and other appliances of modern engineering science have been provided; and the system of mains and pipes for distributing the water in Central London is marvellously complex and extensive. Our Illustrations present some views of the principal places, north of London, where the New River works form a conspicuous feature in pleasant rural scenes or suburban localities, to Hornsey, Stoke Newington, and Islington, terminating with the so-called "Head," near Sadler's-Wells Theatre, at Clerkenwell. Theobalds Park, near Cheshunt, a favourite residence of King James I., is introduced in one of our Artist's Sketches.

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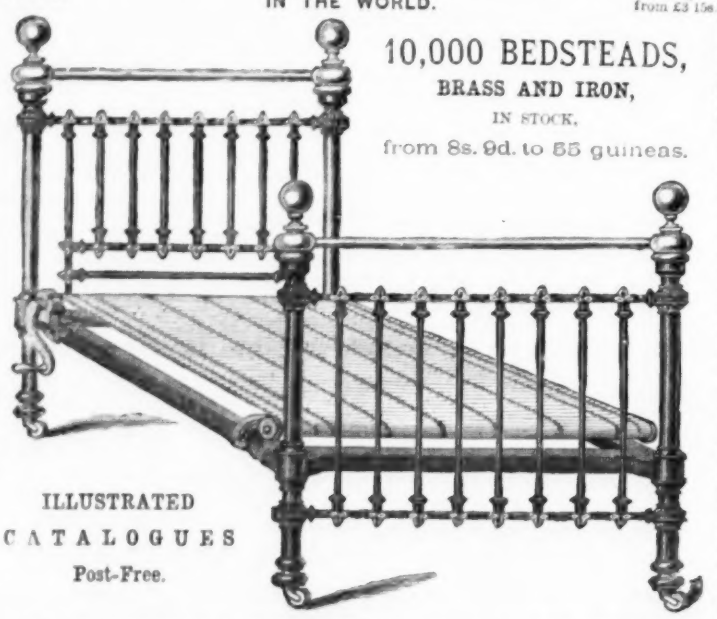

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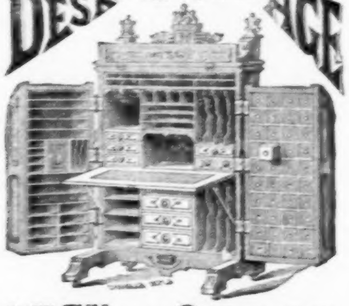

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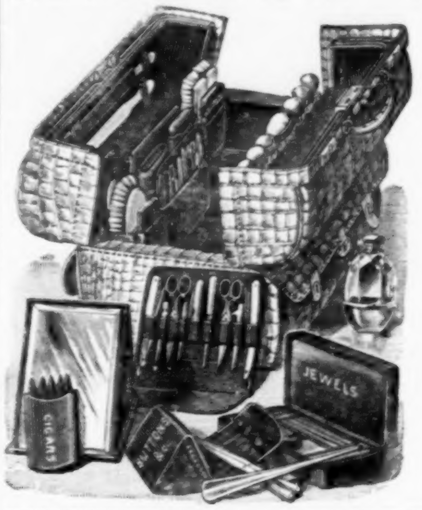

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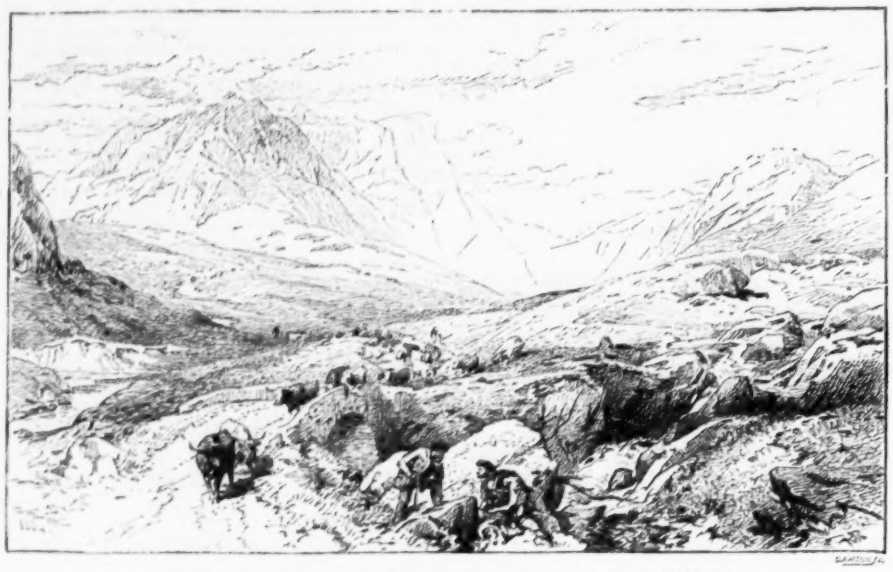
SKETCHES FROM THE EXHIBITION OF THE ROYAL SOCIETY OF PAINTERS IN WATER COLOURS.

ROYAL ACADEMY EXHIBITION.

THIRD NOTICE.

Returning to the works by full Academicians, Mr. Hook—always an honour to our school—has three coast scenes, which, however, are so similar in their general features to many previous works that they need not be described at length:—"Wild Harbourage" (81), into which the big waves dash heavily, through which the Cornish smacks have lately put in with the take the fisher-folk in the foreground are preparing for transit; "The Mirror of the Sea Mew" (346), which is the picture the artist exchanges for the splendid portrait of himself by Mr. Millais, exhibited last year; and "Catching Sandlance" (353), the fisher-girls sweeping the wet sand with their small blunt sickles, to unearth the burrowing fish. Mr. Hook's colouring has the true "light within" of the old Venetians; he gets an open-air effect they hardly attained to, and his handling is dashing yet full of meaning.

Mr. Calderon has a large effective figure of "Night" (340) and two other allegorical canvases, entitled "Cherries" (422) and "Currants" (588), continuing and we believe completing the series of decorations for Mr. Aird's dining-room. In the latter pair the artist's interest in his task seems to have flagged. But none of his works at Burlington House will for a moment compare with his brilliant "Aphrodite" at the Grosvenor Gallery, which we have already reviewed. Mr. Pettie's "Vigil" (359) has been purchased by his brother Academicians from the funds of the Chantrey Bequest. A knight kneels, clasping his inverted sword (which thus presents a symbol of the Cross), his helmet, hauberk, and shield lying before him, in front of an altar, as dawn breaks through the east window. Such effects, affording strong contrasts, with armour and arms, are precisely the things Mr. Pettie paints best But the romantico-religious sentiment that might fairly be expected is hardly realised. The artist has another picture (410) showing a body of early Christians marking, according to the ancient usage, the site for an altar by fixing a pole in the ground and taking the shadow projected from it by the rays of the rising sun for the line of orientation of their future church. The effect appears to be that of a wintry morning with rime upon the ground and trees; but the greys form a rather unpleasant contrast with the hot tints in the faces of the men, which are of a hue not sufficiently to be accounted for by the sun's reflections. Nor is a portrait (138) by the artist much happier. Mr. Briton Rivière is disappointing. At all events, none of his four pictures is likely to be so popular as some former successes, though the painter's rare command of animal character and expression by no means desert him. His principal effort is "The King and His Satellites" (88)—a lion on an eminence pausing to scent for prey, followed by a troop of jackals. The cringing, sneaking expressions of these cowardly creatures, as with wholesome dread they gaze at or furtively eye the lion, and, jostling at the sudden halt, snarl at each other, are capitally rendered; surely, however, the proportions of the "king of beasts" are, in comparison, elephantine. In "The Eve of St. Bartholomew" (53) a lady is seen hiding in a vault clasping the neck of a bloodhound—afraid to be without him, afraid he should betray their whereabouts. Quite unworthy of the painter is "The Enchanted Castle" a melodramatic representation of a knight-errant pressing, sword in hand, through a porch, as reptiles glide from his path, towards the massive portal of strange architecture, where two tigers, in a brilliant cross light, seem to bar his passage. The "Actæon" (315) is uninventive.



LOOKING TOWARDS GLENCOE, FROM RANNOCH MOOR.—T. M. RICHARDSON.

Sir John Gilbert's extraordinary facility and unrivalled wealth of picturesque resource are concentrated in the picture "The Morning of the Battle of Agincourt" (258), illustrating the wonderfully graphic lines in "King Henry V.," act vi. scene 2. The little English Army, the "island carrions," in the words of Grandpree, who so "ill-favour'dly become the morning field," are "saying their prayers"; the cavalry bow in their saddles, the pikemen prostrate themselves, as the priest to the left elevates the Host. An impressive and characteristic example of the veteran painter. Mr. Long sends two of his well-painted but somewhat conventional single female figure studies—a "Thisbe" (358) listening at the wall, and a pseudo Oriental "Judith" (28), of much the same type as Thisbe, by the bed-side of Holofernes, drawing the sword, with up-raised eyes. We hardly know which to prefer of Mr. T. Faed's contributions, whether "Of what is the wee lassie thinking?" (267), a little cottier girl building castles in the air as she looks in the fire; or "Seeing them Off" (95), an old Highlander and his grand-daughter on the beach straining their tearful eyes after a departing emigrant-ship. The one is strong in its interior effect; the other is aerial and quite unconventional in the facial characterisation. A third pleasing example is "The Keeper's Daughter" (87). Mr. Frith is represented by no elaborate composition likely to draw the town, but has four pictures of moderate size. Of these the largest and gayest (197) is the garden scene from "Much Ado about Nothing," where Hero and Ursula carry out their plot to unite Beatrice (listening to them in the "bleached bower") with Benedick. An illustration (306) of one of the interviews between Dr. Johnson and Mrs. Siddons, and "A London Flower Girl" (431), are in the pleasant vein of the artist's earlier small work. In "Cruel Necessity" (353), Cromwell regarding the dead body of King Charles I., Mr. Frith is less at home. But the artist fairly deserves exemption, if need be, from too exigent criticism, for no living painter of our school has done so much to interest the masses in art, none has more loyally used rare ingenuity and intelligence, and the technical powers at his command, for the public gratification and improvement. Mr. Stacy Marks, though likewise exhibiting no large work, maintains the position he has won by his quaint humour, and his workmanship is as thorough and conscientious as ever. His small pictures, which are all good, include "The Angler's Rest" (292)—Izaac Walton himself, it might be, and a younger disciple discussing the mysteries of the gentle craft, on a settle before an old-fashioned inn; "The Entomologist" (526), two subjects with monks; "The Pet Plant" (383), and "The Stopped Key" (45), and "'They do bear themselves like foolish Justices'"—Shakspeare (373)—"They" being three huge storks, in whose uncouth forms, wide open yet utterly vacant eyes, and preternatural gravity he has been the first to find droll analogues to episcopal, and now judicial, dignitaries.

THE MORNING CHAT ON THE SEINE, PARIS.—BASIL BRADLEY.

A STREET ALTAR.—L. ALMA TADEMA, R.A.

Having noted at the Old Water-Colour Exhibition instances of the extraordinary inequality in Mr. Poynter's recent works, and observing here another unfortunate example in a half-length of the Bishop of Sydney (347), it is with pleasure we find that the artist has surpassed everything he has produced since the "Æsculapius," in a small picture of a nude Greek girl binding her hair with a fillet after the bath, entitled "Diadumenè" (368). Indeed, as regards at least the extremities, the proportions are more correct. The title, of course, refers to the similar action of the Diadumenos of Polycleitos, who is said to have embodied the proportions of that statue in a written "Canon" for the guidance of other and future sculptors. If Mr. Poynter's colouring is not altogether beautiful, the contours and modelling of this figure are so; and an infinity of care has been bestowed on the mosaics and polychromy. The artist has also tried his hand in medal portraiture in emulation of the cinquecento medallists. Here again he is unequal. Much the best is "Sir Joseph Whitworth" (1781), the next best "L. L." (Lily Langtry), in the same frame. It will suffice to add that in two or three works by Mr. Hodgson will be found some of the old humour and character of his Algerian subjects; that Mr. Yeames's picture (332) of the Kitcat Club toasting the little lady, the future Lady Mary Wortley Montague, is agreeable if a little

FROM HYDE PARK CORNER, LOOKING WEST.—HERBERT M. MARSHALL.

SKETCHES FROM THE EXHIBITION OF THE ROYAL SOCIETY OF PAINTERS IN WATER COLOURS.

tame, and that there is an example of the very pleasing but somewhat shallow art of Mr. Leslie, representing a girl smelling a rose in an old-fashioned window bay.

Mr. Leader's landscapes are sure to be as popular as ever, though—or rather because—they repeat favourite effects with undiminished facility. Mr. Vicat Cole's art seems to have been refreshed by his sketching under rainy skies: "Oxford from Iffley" (252) is certainly less conventional than most recent works. Mr. Oakes's sense of the impressive in nature and of artistic colouring are shown with little falling off in more than one contribution. Mr. Peter Graham continues in his well-beaten track in "Dawn" (27) and "Sea Mist" (216); but the former is more effective than usual; its effectiveness being, however, attained not without considerable forcing of colour. Mr. Davis likewise repeats himself both in subject and effect in "On the Hillside: clearing after rain" (286), with its prismatic hills and slant sun-rays suffusing with a golden or coppery glow half the hides of the well-drawn cattle.

Some of the best work by Academicians will be found in the portraiture, particularly of Mr. Holl, who well maintains his position, Mr. Ouless, who makes a distinct advance, and Mr. Millais, the last already noticed. Mr. Sant retains his familiar qualities in depicting ladies and children. The portraits by Mr. Holl with which we were most impressed are those of Mr. Carbutt, M.P. (155), Dr. Haig Brown (285), Lord Cranbrook (560), and a full-length (298) of the Prince of Wales robed as Master of the Inner Temple Bench. This is one of the best likenesses of his Royal Highness that has been executed, for artists are not always fortunate in portraying Royal personages; and even here the attitude is slightly stiff, and a little more of the characteristically genial expression of the Prince might be desiderated. All these portraits are remarkable for firm grasp of character, truth of modelling, and strength of effect. To attain this last quality, the artist invariably adopts nearly black backgrounds, and introduces masses of intense shadow in the draperies—these compelling a strong relief and, at the same time, permitting it to be attained on the easiest terms. Mr. Ouless relies, with right artistic instinct, more on colour as an equally important factor for the final result. Perhaps his happiest efforts this year are the portraits of Mr. Hodgson, the R.A. (244); Mr. Bancroft, the actor (190); and Mr. Samuel Morley (273). A true sign of the artist's complete presentment of the individuality is that no portraits in the exhibition more vividly recur to the memory. A little hardness of the flesh textures will tone with time and varnish, while sufficient brilliance will remain.

It will be inferred from our preceding review of those works of Academicians which seem, more or less, to deserve notice, that only a few of the Forty have done full justice to their reputation. Still fewer, we fear, have done so, of the twenty Associates, although these are, generally, in their prime. There is scarcely a single Associate who has not produced work of more value in former years. Mr. Herkomer's male portraits are less exaggerated in scale than before, but they scarcely evince amended perceptions in other respects. Of the four, Canon Ellison (409) and Canon Bradley (553) are two of the most satisfactory—powerful, robust, honest, no doubt, but the rough and ready execution is too self-assured, and of a kind that must too often miss those subtler traits of inner-character and latent expression which constitute the essence of fine portraiture. But what can be said of this artist's large picture, "Pressing to the West" (1546)—a crowd of poor emigrants, men, women, and children, huddled together in the building of the Castle Garden, New York, where they remain sometimes for many weeks till suitable situations can be found for them by the commissioners for immigration? What pictorial or moral purpose can be served in depicting this unsavoury mass of squalid discomfort or misery, in however appropriately dull, ugly colouring, and although there is a touch of pathos in the foreground? Mr. Gregory's execution and colour retain their refinement and charm; but why are they not employed to less trivial ends? His small single contribution, "Intruders" (178), represents swans scrambling for crumbs towards a couple of ladies who in some dismay seek refuge in their house-boat. Could the artist find no more important theme for his Academy picture of the year? Mr. Macbeth's single canvas is rather large for the subject—i.e., a strapping, handsome, fair-haired lassie, with wide-open mouth, calling "Cusha! cusha! cusha!" to the cattle, to draw them home to "A Fen Farm" (305). The execution is rather slight, but the colouring and effect are beautiful. Mr. Morris has another pretty child subject, "Quite Ready" (177)—a little girl of three seated, fully equipped, in white satin frock and poke bonnet, at the foot of stairs, with a pug by her side. Also "Crowns of Joy and Sorrow" (117)—a christening party passing, on leaving church, near a grave with freshly-laid wreaths of immortelles. The artist's largest picture, however, is "Sweethearts and Wives" (402), a well-found incident, showing a string of women, some with babes in their arms and little ones at their side, pressing along a quay to keep pace with a big white ship gliding into harbour after a long voyage; or, more strictly speaking, to keep abreast with a group of the crew on the look-out at the forecastle, who already recognise and hail them. All three pictures are painted with a degree of skill and effectiveness that is evidently too easily satisfied, therefore itself proving that the artist is capable of more serious performances than these. The public still look to Mr. Morris to redeem the promise of earlier works, which were not only more painstaking, but in which the sentiment was more telling because less obvious, and which occasionally recalled the tender charm of George Mason.

Mr. Boughton has put some of his soundest modelling and best colouring, though so low in tone, into his picture of a sturdy Belgian "Field Handmaiden" (80) carrying a huge basket of red and white cabbages. He has also found a capital subject, of which he might have made far more (and which Israels should paint), in No. 458, peasants of Walcheren rushing, spade in hand, watched by their terrified wives, to repair a breach in the dyke, to save their village from submergence. Mr. Marcus Stone's world of romance has a rather vaporous hot-house atmosphere, but he is fully as graceful and sentimental and painstaking as ever in two companion pictures of a young married couple, "Fallen Out" and "Reconciled" (448, 449), illustrative of well-known lines. Mr. Gow's "Bothwell" (417)—his meeting with Mary Queen of Scots at Almond Bridge—as described by Swinburne—is well conceived, dextrously composed, and contains within its small compass a large amount of delicate work that may be hardly appreciated in the glare of the exhibition. Mr. Burgess depicts the humours of a Spanish wedding, with numerous figures and incidents (552), but his work of last year was more broadly and effectively treated. Why should Mr. Crofts take such elaborate pains, in No. 873, to realise the horrors of the Thirty Years' War, with ruthless soldiery, ravaged villages, peasants wounded or killed by bullet or hanging, for the sake of recalling the anecdotic interest of Wallenstein—who, whatever the fascination of his taciturnity, looks anything but awe-inspiring in the picture. War for itself is simply horrible and disgusting, and is only tolerable on canvas when true heroism in a good cause is illustrated, and some worthy lesson taught. Mr. Frank Dicksee has another moonlight subject: it might be better for him to come out into the healthy honest daylight. He might also be advised to avoid the enervating influence of mere beauty painting, and try his hand in imitating a few models with strong character. The subject is the parting of "Romeo and Juliet" (430). There is much clever careful painting throughout, but the composition and romantic impression are somewhat hurt by the awkward attitude of Romeo, with one leg a-straddle over the window balcony.

Mr. MacWhirter is at his best in "A Sermon by the Sea" (101), a Scotch minister holding forth to his congregation on a hill sloping to the sea; the colouring throughout is very agreeable. In "The Windings of the Forth" (491), a tendency to paintiness becomes apparent, where it is most misplaced—in the far-reaching distance. Mr. Brett's principal sea-scapes are "McCleod's Maidens" (395), strange-shaped rocks off the coast of Skye, and "North-Easterly Gale: Granton" (852). Frankly, these elaborate transcripts of nature seem to us too rigid, mechanically exact, and exaggerated in colour to convey an unmixed artistic impression, though they may evoke some wonder by the observation, memory, and science to which they testify. Mr. Colin Hunter's seas are as full of movement, as dextrous and daring in the sweep of the paint, and as hard and dry in surface as before he was elected an Associate the other day.

Thus, we see that scarcely a single Academician or Associate has surpassed, and few have equalled, previous efforts. As regards the former—men who were in their prime ten, twenty, or thirty years back—this is not surprising; and in respect to the latter, it is in human nature for many to relax their efforts on reaching a long wished-for goal. Promise for the future must be looked for in the works of outsiders. And, happily, many of those within view are admirable, while many others seem scarcely less so, though hung too high for examination. But—and it is a weighty qualification—outside even more than inside the pale, foreign or other diverging and disintegrating influences are yearly more apparent. General progress has been made by our younger artists in the more material part of art, but certainly not in seriousness, or definiteness, of aim. How are the ever-widening "extremes" to be "drawn nearer together," as the President phrased it at the Academy dinner? Hardly by the Academic body; hardly by its schools. Our young artists—even some of our Associates of the Academy—betake themselves to Paris or Antwerp, Venice or Munich, either to commence, continue, or complete their artistic education; and one Academy Associate has set up a school, the principles for the conduct of which are in direct protest against the Academic system of teaching. Who has ever heard of a foreign student being attracted to the school of our Academy?

It is true that in the Salon still greater variety and extremes are presented than at home. But that vast show is cosmopolitan: and the French themselves, thanks to State encouragement, a wider love of art, and more thorough training, practise whole branches of art of higher character and on a larger scale than are attempted here. Moreover, in Paris, when some new or revised artistic principle comes to the front, it is almost always developed and exemplified, not, as with us, by one or two only, but by a group of artists working in much closer relationship than exists among English practitioners—by masters and by their pupils still working or who have worked in their ateliers—a system, unhappily, almost unknown in this country. Thus, by mutual assistance and consentaneous effort—by the pupil profiting by the experience of the master, and so, as it were, starting (supposing their natural gifts equal) from the point he has reached, real progress is made, and something like a school, in the historic sense, is formed. Less than ever, we think, have we an English school, properly so called; yet no great development of art has ever taken place, no very great artist has ever appeared where there was no school in the sense indicated. Schools in this sense are depreciated because they are ignorantly confounded with Academies. The great historic schools, however, owed nothing to Academies; it was only the Bolognese school that started something of the kind—and turned out second-rate artists and second-hand art. Even the results attained in Paris are due far less to the Government Ecole than to the young artists' subsequent facilities. Our own Academy, which, by-the-way, more nearly resembles a Joint-Stock Company, owes absolutely everything to external causes, which might have had a far better usufruct. The upshot will be, if our Academy remains what it has grown to be, that we shall before long have no more national art than the Americans. Perhaps the only hopeful sign is that Decorative art has an increasing number of votaries. Now that the decoration of St. Paul's is seriously taken in hand, a brighter prospect should be opened

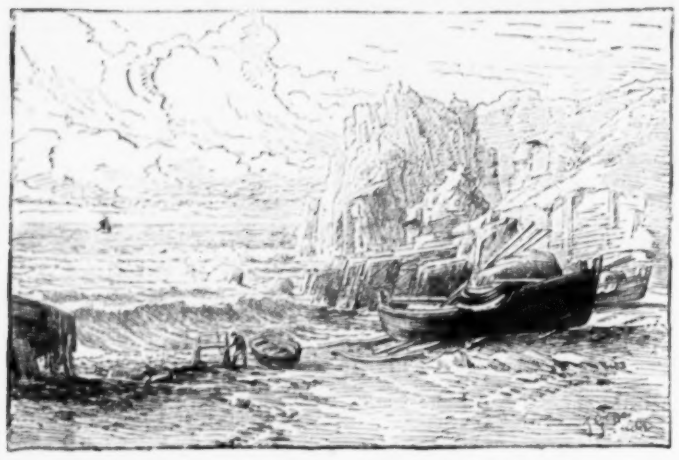
A COUNTRY LANE.—BIRKET FOSTER.

CALLING HOUNDS OUT OF COVER.—FREDERICK TAYLER.

THE BELLE OF LAUDERNAU.—JOHN PARKER.

SKETCHES FROM THE EXHIBITION OF THE ROYAL INSTITUTE OF PAINTERS IN WATER COLOURS.

for the higher walks in art; and when such men as Sir Frederick Leighton and Messrs. Watts, Stacy Marks, Calderon, Poynter, and others of nearly equal standing, turn their attention to decoration, we may anticipate that fine art in painting will not be divorced from architecture much longer, but be united, as in the days of the great Italians. We may hope, also, to see as a consequence the explosion of the theories of ignorant *doctrinaires* as to "conventional" and "flat treatment," in so far as those theories are calculated to cover the incapacity of so-called decorators who have had no education in fine art whatever, and calculated to render the artist subordinate to the mere builder and contractor. Further general observations, however, we must not indulge in; so turn to those works by outsiders not hitherto noticed.



A BREEZY DAY.—J. G. PHILP, R.I.

J. D. Linton more than makes amends for his disappointing work of last year in "The Declaration of War" (498), the last, we believe, of the series of pictures for the decoration of a dining-room which he has been exhibiting, but the first in the order of the story, as it is, perhaps, the first in merit. The sixteenth-century Christian King with his suite of ecclesiastics and courtiers, and the general, who afterwards returns victorious, are on a dais, and the two ambassadors of the infidel potentates stand below. There is little so fine in the exhibition as these two figures, the one erect and haughty, the other bowing deprecatorily; the Henry the Eighth, like King is also well conceived. The painting has all the artist's well-known merits of sober harmonious colouring and thoroughly understood modelling.

Seymour Lucas has a picture very spirited and strong in execution—indeed, altogether admirable—entitled "After Culloden: Rebel-hunting" (881), representing a party of soldiers entering a blacksmith's shop with the object indicated by the title: but the rebel, if there was one, has escaped by the back door. This able work has been bought by the Academy from the funds of the Chantrey Bequest; a quite satisfactory purchase. R. Caton Woodville has a very admirable battle-piece, "The Guards at Tel-el-Kebir" (866)—a subject surely far better chosen than the neighbouring "Wallenstein" of Mr. Crofts. The moment represented is when the Duke of Connaught advanced his brigade preparatory to attack into a hollow from a ridge, the range of the latter having evidently been ascertained by the enemy's gunners. The shells bursting in various directions, the men falling from the rifle fire, the steady advance of the brigade nevertheless, and the coolness under this hot fire of the Duke in command, are doubtless all perfectly authentically recorded by our valued Special Correspondent; while as a picture this is certainly an advance upon anything Mr. Woodville has exhibited. There is the same energy and skilful draughtsmanship, with more care and harmony.

ENCORE.—G. G. KILBURNE, R.I.

PIGTAILS AND POWDER.—FRANK DADD.

CHATILLON, SAVOY.—JAMES FAHEY, R.I.

Special attention is invited to a picture by M. Dagnan—No. 738. The scene is a room in the Mairie, or other official residence, of a French country town or commune, where a number of poor mothers have brought their little ones to be vaccinated by the kindly old doctor who is operating on one of them. Touches of genuine though humble pathos are not wanting; but the great merit of the picture is its truth of character and effect. Bright sunlight, softly veiled, is diffused through the room; the tone, therefore, is very light, the colour pearly; and the completeness of the modelling under these difficult conditions is most masterly. It is a great lesson to those of our artists who only deal in intense brown or inky backgrounds and shadows, and place their figures, as it were, under the lime-light.

Here we must pause till next week. T. J. G.

A meeting, convened by the Patriotic Association, was held at St. James's Hall on the 8th inst.—presided over by Earl Cadogan—at which the Earl of Dunraven and Mr. Chaplin were amongst the speakers, and resolutions were passed against the conduct of her Majesty's Ministers in abandoning General Gordon.

ART BOOKS.

To Mr. Walter Armstrong, the author of an excellent monograph on Alfred Stevens, the sculptor, the public is indebted for a translation of the first part of the great "History of Ancient Art," by Messrs. Georges Perrot and Charles Chipiez, which we noticed at the time of its publication. That work treated almost exhaustively of ancient art in Egypt. Continuing his task, Mr. Armstrong has now reproduced in English the second part of the vast scheme of the French *collaborateurs*—i.e., *A History of Art in Chaldæa and Assyria*, 2 vols. (Chapman and Hall). This is even a more important instalment than its predecessor. For the first time, the discoveries of Botta and Layard, of Place, Rawlinson, Hormuzd Rassam, W. K. Loftus, George Smith, and others are brought into harmonious view, and into their true archæological relationship. The discoveries and researches made since 1843 are built up into a consistent whole, with the result that Nineveh and other great cities of the Mesopotamian plain, even Babylon itself, with all inferential probability, are re-edified, as it were, before our very eyes, and Nebuchadnezzar and Sennacherib live again after the lapse of thousands of years. The student of art will realize in all their leading features the colossal palaces of the Chaldean and Assyrian monarchs; he will see both round and pointed arches, and the dome, in brick construction, and he will see that the Greeks owed not a little to these Oriental empires. Messrs. Perrot and Chipiez's work is distinguished by a philosophic spirit, the scope of which is by no means confined to the artistic relations of their extensive theme. Their point of view is, of course, rather French, but this is hardly a disadvantage to readers having the collections and authorities of the British Museum within reach. We should add that Mr. Armstrong's translation meets all reasonable requirements.

Under the title *Some Modern Artists and their Work*, edited by Wilfred Meynell, are republished, by Messrs. Cassell and Co., about thirty of the illustrated biographies of artists that have appeared in *The Magazine of Art*. The circumstances under which the biographies were produced will, we suppose, account for the absence of anything like art criticism. But it is strange to find no notice of Mr. Millais, while some comparatively obscure foreign and English painters are included. The sketches are, however, very readable and graceful, so far as they go; and omissions may be supplied in a future series.

Mr. Peter O'Brien, Q.C., has been appointed her Majesty's Third Serjeant-at-Law in Ireland.

The Wordsworth Society held their annual meeting in the Library of Lambeth Palace on the 8th inst., Mr. Russell Lowell, the American Minister, as President for 1884, occupying the chair. Mr. Lowell said in the quality of interesting the highest and purest orders of mind Wordsworth was placed apart from his contemporaries, if not above them. If Wordsworth was to be judged by passages or single poems, no one would hesitate to pronounce him a great poet. But too often Wordsworth seemed bent on producing fire by the primitive process of rubbing the dry sticks of his blank verse. There was no great poet in whom they were forced to acknowledge so many limitations, and concerning whom they must make so many exceptions. Even as a teacher he was often too much of a pedagogue. Wordsworth had no dramatic power, and of narrative power next to none. When Wordsworth undertook to tell a story his personages were apt to be lost in the landscape, or kept waiting while the poet mused on its suggestions. Wordsworth was not a great artist in the technical sense of the word, neither was Isaiah; but he had the gift, in some respects rare, of being greatly and suddenly inspired. Papers were read on Wordsworth's interpretation of Nature, on his relation to science, on his treatment of sound, and on Wordsworth and Charles Lamb. A vote of thanks to his Excellency was passed, on the motion of the Archbishop of Canterbury.

SKETCHES FROM THE EXHIBITION OF THE ROYAL INSTITUTE OF PAINTERS IN WATER COLOURS.

THE MAGAZINES.

The *Nineteenth Century* has two or three papers which will be generally read. Everybody likes to hear of apparitions; and, though the phenomena recorded by Messrs. Myers and Gurney are, properly speaking, only presentiments, they are curious, and respectably attested. Mr. Swinburne's criticism is always sensational. This time he has fairly trumped Mr. Arnold's paradox of the superiority of Shelley's prose to his verse by discovering that Shelley's prose is worth nothing, and trumps the world by solemnly imploring Mr. Arnold to take heed lest he sink to the level of "the Carlyles and Emersons." The author of "John Inglesant" is a saner critic; his estimate of Maurice is delicate and subtle, though, as befits a mystic, he almost makes a virtue of Maurice's intellectual haziness. Sir Henry Parkes sketches a plan for the formation of a "Council of Australia," to sit in London; and Mr. C. Norman proves by statistics that French colonies are, as a rule, unproductive, burdensome to the mother country, and eaten up by officialism.

Mr. Herbert Spencer continues, in the *Contemporary Review*, to descant upon the evils of over-legislation, which he denounces as "The Sins of Legislators"; but his philosophical idea of leaving the remedy of social evils to the self-redressing forces of Nature is carried to an extreme in another article, by M. Elisée Reclus, a benevolent "Anarchist" and an eminent professor of physical science. The world, however, cannot very well afford to relinquish the intervention of State authority in the interest of the common welfare. Mr. R. H. Hutton, with his subtle discrimination of ethical and psychological conditions, has wrought out a careful estimate of the character and genius of Cardinal Newman, whom he greatly admires both as a man and as a writer, though his own theological sympathies are with the late Rev. F. D. Maurice. The translation, with notes, by Archdeacon Farrar, of an interesting fragment of Early Christian religious literature, supposed to be of the second century, lately discovered in a library at Constantinople, will be acceptable to readers who have not the Greek; but it contains scarcely an idea or an expression that may not have been derived from the Epistles, the Gospel of St. Luke, or other books of the New Testament. There are two papers relating to the political discussions of the day; one by Mr. James Stephens, the Fenian Head Centre, depreciating the probable effect of an extension of the franchise in Ireland as tending to the success of the Home Rule Party in Parliament; the other, by Mr. Shaw Lefevre, setting forth the practical objections to Minority or "Proportional" Representation.

Mr. F. Myers' appeal for indulgence to his memorial of the late Duke of Albany in the *Fortnightly Review* is not uncalled for; but the circumstances under which it is published go far to disarm criticism. There is nothing else of general interest except Mr. Gannem's essay on "Europe's Stake in the Soudan," which is somewhat wanting in definiteness. "A Manchester Conservative," whose Conservatism is compatible with some irreverence to the House of Lords, strongly dissuades their Lordships from rejecting the Reform Bill. The "Radical programme" of disestablishment, and Mr. MacColl's panegyric on Russia are both more moderate than the previous performances of the writers would have led us to expect. "The Speculative Basis of Unbelief" is a stimulating and suggestive essay, remarkable for the author's confidence in encountering the facts of positive science with merely metaphysical speculations.

The *National Review* has two important articles, one, by Sir F. Goldsmid, on the Congo treaty, temperately setting forth some of the principal objections to it; the other, an extremely sensible and dispassionate review of the relations of the English and the natives in India, by General Maclagan. There are also two good literary papers, Miss Zimmern's sketch of the delightfully humorous German poet, Scheffel; and Miss E. M. Clerke's investigation of the Circe myth in mediæval poetry.

The *Cornhill* this month is remarkable for the continuation of "The Giant's Robe," in which the unfortunate Mark, driven to attempt suicide, is rescued by the magnanimity of the man he has injured only to run the gauntlet of the critics' unanimous condemnation of his supposed second, but really first novel; and by the conclusion of the weird tale, "Margery of Quether." The goblin whom the former has compassionately taken home with him proves to be a vampire, but he is delivered by the interposition of his future father-in-law, and the old lady, reduced to her previous condition, is let loose on Dartmoor. "The Log Hut of Clapham" is the story of a successful speculation in a mahogany log, which thus metaphorically became the foundation of a very substantial "hut" at Clapham. "From Berber to Suakin" is a spirited account of a ride through the desert by an officer, fortunately for himself, invalided from Hicks Pasha's army. "Some Literary Recollections" treat this time entirely of Edinburgh literary society thirty years ago, and are full of entertainment. William and Robert Chambers, Leitch Ritchie, Hill Burton, and Alexander Smith are among the persons noticed. Scotch peculiarities are amusingly illustrated by anecdotes, such as that of Mr. Payn's landlady's serious remonstrance with him for the discredit he was bringing upon a God-fearing house by omitting to draw down the blinds on Sunday.

The only remarkable contribution to *Macmillan's Magazine*, Mr. Arnold's lecture on Emerson, has already been widely made known through the press. Mr. Arnold hardly appreciates Emerson sufficiently as a man of letters; but his estimate of his character as a man is admirably just. "An Episode of Circle Valley" is a striking tale of the supernatural, marred by an obvious flaw. Why was the doomed man allowed to go to bed by himself?

A FEW MINUTES TO SPARE.—JOHN CHARLTON.

SOMETHING WRONG.—THOMAS HUSON, R.I.

Mrs. Craik's Cornish tour in the *English Illustrated Magazine* has brought her to St. Michael's Mount. The illustrations are, as usual, excellent. Mr. Gosse contributes a pretty poem, "A Woman's Keepsake," and Mr. Thomas Hardy "Interlopers at the Knap," a tale where want of incident is redeemed by quaint touches of rural manners and customs.

Blackwood concludes the English lady's delightful account of her ride across Spanish Honduras. Trepanned, cheated, and victimised as she was, she can yet exclaim at parting, "How many, how very many simple, kind people are there in Honduras!" Recent military operations in Africa and Asia find an echo in two interesting papers—a severe criticism of the tactics adopted in the recent engagements near Souakim, and an account of the Chinese army, from which it would appear that should the French have to encounter difficulties in the event of their becoming involved in war with China, these may be political, financial, or international, but will scarcely be military. There is some humour, but more caricature, in "Fashionable Philosophy," where various advanced thinkers expound their crotchets at Lady Fritterly's afternoon tea.

Longman's Magazine continues "Jack's Courtship" and "Madam," and has two excellent minor contributions, "My Paris Masters," a most amusing story of artists and models by the Seine; and Mr. R. L. Stevenson's beautifully written meditation, inspired by the graveyard on the Calton Hill, on "Old Mortality."

The American magazines are scarcely so interesting as usual. In *Harper* we remark an illustrated paper on Kairwan, the sacred African city, until now so little known; and in the *Century* picturesque sketches of Salem, the little New England town, immortalised by the witches and Nathaniel Hawthorne. The former magazine has, in addition, a portrait of Dr. Schliemann and a capital story about "rival ghosts"; and the latter one of Mr. Burroughs's delightful English studies. The subject this time is "British Fertility," which seems to have greatly impressed him. *Manhattan* has excellent essays on "Children in Fiction" and the new editions of Keats, and seems advancing generally, but surely is getting on too fast when, in a paradoxical disquisition entitled "Whose Sonnets," it propounds as a generally accepted theory the view that "Shakspeare" is the composition of a plurality of authors. Even Young America has not quite come to that. The most noteworthy contribution to the *Atlantic Monthly* is Miss H. W. Preston's criticism of Mr. Matthew Arnold as a poet. "Linguistic Palæontology," the silver question, and Marshal Niel are also the subjects of interesting papers.

"Peril," in *Temple Bar*, reaches an exciting crisis in the death of the old man, bequeathing all he has to Peril, and disinheriting his grandson. The scene just before his death, in which Peril executes a wild dance, is powerfully described. "Philistia," in the *Gentleman's Magazine*, is also unusually exciting, in virtue of the death of one of the personages by a fall in an Alpine climb, and the expulsion of another from his tutorship for denouncing pigeon-shooting. Mr. W. H. Olding's "Romance in the Suppression of Books" is an admirable instance of well-directed literary research on an interesting subject. Perhaps the most remarkable piece of fiction in any of the magazines is Clementina Black's "Moonlight and Floods," in *Belgravia*. A certain man and woman, unknown to each other, and both weary of life, are left alone in a farmhouse, round which a flood is raging. The horror of the position draws them together, and too late they realise that the life which they have sacrificed for others might have been happy for themselves. "At the Y" is not so good as the first part. "A Strange Friend," by Julian Hawthorne, promises well. "The Mysterious Occurrence in Piccadilly" is an amusing burlesque on the investigations of the Psychical Society.

"A WANDERING HARPER, SCORNED AND POOR."
W. H. WEATHERHEAD.

Lord Carrington has made a permanent reduction of 15 per cent in the rents of his Lincolnshire tenantry.

Sir Andrew Fairbairn, M.P., and Sir John Hawkshaw have each given £1000 for extending the engineering department at the Yorkshire College, Leeds.

The Cobden Club Silver Medal for Political Economy in the University of Calcutta at the last Honour Examination in History was awarded to Poabha Chandra Sinha.

A Chapter of the Most Illustrious Order of St. Patrick was held on the 8th inst. in the Viceregal Lodge, Dublin, for the purpose of investing Lord Howth with the dignity.

A marble statue of the Queen was unveiled on the 9th inst. in the Central Free Library, Birmingham. The commission for the statue was intrusted to Mr. Foley, and, upon his death, the work was completed by Mr. Woolner.

The Skinners' Scholarship of £50 a year for three years, offered in connection with the March entrance examination at Girton College, Cambridge, has been awarded to Miss Jessie C. Vinter, of the North London Collegiate School for Girls.

At the meeting of the Metropolitan Board of Works on the 9th inst.—Sir J. M'Garel-Hogg in the chair—Mr. Harben, chairman of the finance committee, said that the bulk of the £1,900,000 loan applied for by the board had been issued at £100 8s. 6d., one tender having been for £100,000 at £100 11s. The price had gone up from £95 14s. last year to £100 8s. 6d.

The sale of the Hamilton Library was concluded on the 9th inst. by Messrs. Sotheby, Wilkinson, and Hodge, at their rooms, in Wellington-street, Strand. The interest was well sustained throughout. This library realised £12,907; which, added to the Beckford total, makes an amount of £86,458 for the Hamilton Palace libraries. The dispersal of these libraries occupied forty-eight days, and extended over nearly two years. It is understood that the German Government paid £100,000 for the Hamilton MSS., which were sold by private contract.